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Sunday, Aug. 6, 1933

Dramatic Episodes of History Modeled in Wax



Assyria's Triumph.—King Sennacherib Receiving the Submission of the King of Sidon in His Palace at Nineveh.



America's Fate in the Balance.—George Washington Watching for the Enemy During the Terrible Winter at Valley Forge.

The Mystery of Asia.—Marco Polo Meeting Kublai Khan, the Mongol Emperor, Whose Splendor He Made Known to Europe.

A HISTORICAL event is most easily impressed on the mind by some kind of pictorial representation. Mr. Dwight Franklin has found perhaps the best way of representing the high spots of history by making colored wax groups of them for the Children's Museum in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Take, for instance, his group of King John signing the "Magna Charta." This document, which guarantees such fundamental rights as trial by jury, lies at the basis of English and American liberty. The Barons, having become involved in a struggle with the King, found an opportunity to wrest this charter of liberty from him.

There is no doubt what is happening in this group. The leading Baron, clad in armor, points with his finger to the document and says to the King: "Sign here." His companions, fully armed, stand just behind him, ready to support his request.

The King hates to sign, but he is evidently going to do so. It is related that after signing he rolled on the floor in rage and bit the legs of the heavy table shown here.

Central Asia was a land of mystery to Europe in the fourteenth century. The Venetian Marco Polo visited the court of the great Mongol Emperor Kublai Khan and brought back an account of his immense empire. The wax model shows the Emperor conversing with the Venetian—a memorable event in world history.

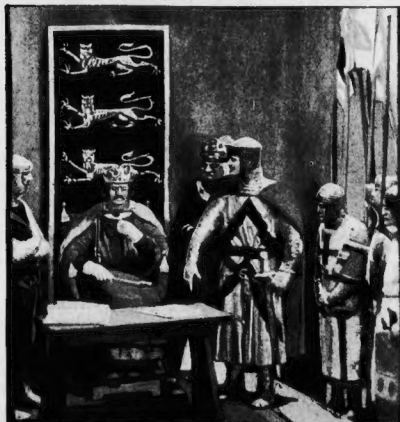
Many people forget that little Portugal once had a great colonial empire and that Prince Henry, son of the King, sent out the first expedition to West Africa.

A group of Washington and one of his officers at Valley Forge suggests the unbreakable courage and tenacity of the great man in the once nearly hopeless struggle for American liberty.

King Sennacherib of Assyria conquered most of the civilized world from Asia Minor to Egypt, including Palestine. People may wish to know what this terrible potentate looked like. The artist shows him in his palace at the moment when the conquered King of Sidon makes his submission. The colossal human-headed bull beside Sennacherib and the winged human figures on the walls with the head of hawk must have impressed the prisoner deeply.



Exploration.—Prince Henry the Navigator Sending Out an Expedition for the Discovery of Madeira.



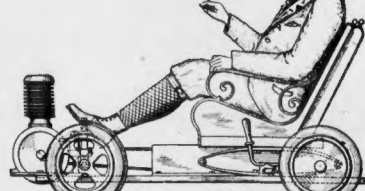
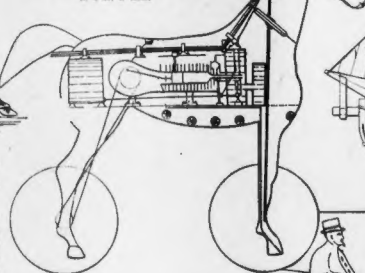
A Blow for Liberty.—The Barons Forcing King John to Sign the Magna Charta.

Inventions That Would Startle the Modern Traffic Cop



Few Traffic Cops, Hardened to the Ways of Modern Drivers, Would Be Likely to Take Cabs the Sight of This Sulky Built Around the Horse—In Old Invention Patented in 1856.

The "Auto-Horse," an Automatic Animal Devised in 1859, When Autos Were More Rare. The Inventor Figured That Autos Would Frighten Horses, So He Thought Out a Plan of Making a Monster Like a Horse to Avoid Startling the Docile Animals. Below—Diagram Showing How the "Auto-Horse" Could Be Made to Pull a Cab.



At the Left—The Sail-Wagon, Propelled by Wind. If Propelled at All, Is the Result of an Arkman's Brilliant Idea, and Doubtless Would Cause No Little Interest on the Smooth Boulevards of Today.

The Gay Gentleman Shown at Ease in a Miniature Auto Gives an Idea of How One May Dismiss the Traffic Problem by Using This Machine, Patented as Recently as 1906 and Steered by the Feet. Novelty That Permits One to Smoke While Riding and Be Nonchalant.

VISITORS to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago will see many curious and out-moded machines which man has devised to get him over the ground faster and, sometimes, more comfortably than he could travel on his feet. But there will be no contraptions on display to match, in imagination and ingenuity, some of the vehicles which are to be found in the cluttered archives of the United States Patent Office, if not on the country's highways and byways.

Back in 1856, one Charles F. Stillman, of New York City, was granted a patent on what he called "a new and useful improvement in trotting sulkeys." A sketch of which is shown above, Inventor Stillman had an idea that it was more sensible to locate the rider over the back of the horse, instead of in the rear of the animal, as was—and still is—the case with the standard sulky. His vehicle had four

wheels instead of two, and was secured more strength and obviated the liability to injury from strains. Despite the alleged advantages of this wagon, there is no record that it ever found its way to the racing tracks.

Thirteen years later Madame Leon Bonnet, "gentlewoman of Besen, France," was granted a patent on a horse, more remarkable in its way than the fabled wooden horse that brought about the fall of Troy. Madame Bonnet called her mechanical dobbie the "automotor-horse," and she recommended it not only as a draft horse, but as a mount.

As the sketches above show, this device was a thing of steel and wood and fabric, fashioned in the likeness of a noble horse and animated by motors

set inside the body. The engine made the wheels attached to the animal's feet turn and the robot was controlled by rein-like rods running from the head to the hands of the manipulator. No actual model of the automotor-horse ever was built which, rumor has it, always was a source of deep regret to the gentleman inventor.

Just before the outbreak of the Civil War William Thomas, of Benton County, Arkansas, got a patent on a

means of transportation which combined the wagon and the sailboat. He dubbed his brain child the "sail-wagon" and envisioned a day when hundreds of his fellow men would be traveling hither and yon in inexpensive models of the vehicle.

Perhaps his dream might have come true if the roads back in those days had been as smooth as they are today. But, for one reason or another, the land boat did not fire the imagination of pre-Civil War America and it became just another record in the Patent Office.

It may be that one Martin Fischer, resident of Zurich, Switzerland, was not the father of the modest motor car, but back in 1906, when automobiles were called "gas buggies" and were always frightening horses with their snorting and puffing, Mr. Fischer was allowed

a patent on the contraption shown at the extreme right of the page.

This diminutive motor car had two distinct advantages, as set forth in the patent papers—it was steered by the feet and it was so narrow that it could pass "through doors of ordinary width."

It had other attributes, too, in the eyes of its creator. Its center of gravity was much, much lower than that of the full-size automobile and this, it seems, "imparted to the car great stability and absence of risk of tipping over when traveling around sharp curves."

Much was made of the light weight and small size of the machine in the papers patent, and the designer pointed out not only that the vehicle could go through ordinary doors but that it also could "pass up staircases with such ease that even persons residing on upper floors of ordinary dwelling houses will be able to keep such motor cars."



Paris's Entry for Ugly Art. This Monstrous Effigy Was Taken From a Primitive Village of French West Africa.

Candidates for "Ugliest Art"

WHILE the statement of France and Germany are battling eloquently for the claims of their respective nations, Paris and Berlin seems to be engaging in a friendly competition to outdo each other in exhibitions of art as ugly as it is primitive.

Art critics and laymen who have seen both displays of so-called art from the outposts of the world, including darkest Africa and the islands of the Pacific, find it hard to make up their minds where the prize should be awarded.

Germany's entry in the contest is the pop-eyed and loathly fellow shown in the photograph at the right of the page. He is the god Kuhlilmoku and he was once the pride of a tribe in Hawaii. His monstrous face is fashioned of feathers and it said that more than 100,000 birds had to be stalked and killed to provide his varicolored "skin."

This idol, with many other examples of primitive art, is on view at the Berlin Museum of Ethnology, and thousands of curious citizens of the German capital have seen "Old Moku," as they familiarly call the strange visitor from half way around the world.

It is said that "Old Moku" was a powerful influence in his native village and that many wild crimes were staged in his honor and for his amusement. If he looked with favor on the maneuvers of his worshippers, he was supposed to drive away all sorts of evil spirits that might upset the health and happiness of the

community—and if bad times came, then no one blamed the idol. His subjects assumed that they had fallen down in their attempts to appease him and that he was punishing them for their stupidity.

The ugliest relic in the Paris show—also in one of the city's largest museums—is the bird-like monster seen in the photograph at the left. This object, also a devoutly worshiped and greatly feared god, was picked up in the jungles of French West Africa by a party of scientists.

Artistically, the African monstrosity is superior to the feather-faced god now being shown in Germany, for it is carved from wood and embellished with designs that would do credit to a modern sculptor with all the benefits of formal education and up-to-date tools.

The most distinguishing feature of this fellow's bizarre face is his thin hooked nose, which looks like the beak of some predatory bird. For some reason, the maker of the statue bored a hole in the end of the nose and attached a brightly colored bit of hand-woven fabric. Probably this ornament, as it turned in the breeze that blew through the African village, was intended to attract the attention of vicious and villainous spirits and send them scotching off into the jungle before they had time to get in any of their underhanded work on the members of the community. There are no feathers on this deity, but he has a cloak of coarse grass over his shoulders.



Likeness of the God Kuhlilmoku, Made of Colored Feathers and Hair—A Sample of Primitive Art in Hawaii.

"Miss Prosperity's" Impressive Costume

THE orchardmen of Wenatchee Valley, Washington, may not believe that prosperity is just around the corner, but in their annual pageant to celebrate the blooming of their thousands of well kept trees, they put on a bright show of opulence and optimism.

This year, believing—or hoping—that a new deal would bring them an active market and a good price for their fruit, they assigned the star role in their festival to "Miss Prosperity," and, if the size of that young woman's costume is any gauge, the apple growers are looking forward to a big year.

Roberta Hensel, one of the prettiest girls in that section of the country, was picked to portray "Miss Prosperity" and to wear what is believed to be the largest hoopskirt ever made. The skirt was so long and so big around—as the photograph at the right shows—that many of the people gathered to watch the parade of floats almost forgot to look at the girl inside the dress.

Aside from its unusual size, the skirt of Miss Prosperity attracted a great deal of attention because it entirely concealed the automobile on which she rode, safely installed on top of a platform. Not even the tires of the machine were visible and it appeared that the towering girl, symbolizing the return of better times, was a giantess, walking along on her own two feet.

A dozen dressmakers worked on the extraordinary costume for more than a month, and they estimated that there was enough cloth in the dress to provide normal-size hoopskirts for a score or more Southern belles of the stirring and romantic days when such raiment was the vogue.

The foundation of the skirt was not such a difficult job, even though this underskirt was as big as a side-show tent. It was the ruffles that presented a real problem to the makers of the outfit. There are no less than twenty-seven rows of these ruffles, starting at the young woman's waist and continuing to the huge hem of the costume. All of these had to be sewn and pressed exactly right so that the dress would seem accurate as to design.

Some Wenatchee wit guessed that if the 27 rows of ruffles were laid end to end they would reach almost to Washington and remind the President and Congress that the apple growers are expecting good news from them.



Miss Roberta Hensel, in the Role of "Miss Prosperity," Displaying a Gigantic Hoopskirt at the Annual Apple Blossom Festival in Wenatchee, Washington.

The Shoemaker Who Wrote an Opera

THE depression hit Coleman Katona, a shoemaker, along with several thousand other citizens of St. Louis—and he found himself with plenty of spare time on his hands, even when he spent a good part of each day trying to find something to do. Besides being a good shoemaker, Mr. Katona, who is in his forty-seventh year, has a flair for music, although he never has boasted much about his abilities as a composer.

To occupy his mind, as much as anything, the idle maker of footwear began setting down the notes for tunes that ran through his head. He did not work out his melodies on the piano, the violin, or any other instrument. He put the notes on paper as the melodies sang themselves in his imagination.

Composer Katona had, for years, been interested in the adventures of Jean and Paul Lafitte, the brothers whose piracy on the Mississippi a century ago became a swashbuckling chapter in American history. And, somehow, the tunes that came to him strung themselves together into a sort of opera based on the audacious brothers Lafitte.

Within the short space of six weeks Shoemaker Katona composed 20 pieces of music—stirring marches, tender love songs, lilting waltzes, many so-called descriptive airs and, for good measure, a fabulous dirge or two.

Mr. Katona is too modest a man to say that he was inspired to conjure an American opera out of the idleness imposed on him by the depression, but he does explain that the compositions crowded one another in his mind after the first song or two and that he just couldn't stop composing until he had turned out enough material for a full-length production.

Just how good the shoemaker's music is remains to be established, but Paul Beisman, manager of the St. Louis Municipal Opera, is studying the compositions and is said to find a great deal of merit in the pages of musical manuscript which the shoemaker set down without playing one note of the compositions.

It is possible that the opera built around the active and adventurous lives of the Lafitte brothers will go into rehearsal soon and have its premiere during the season which opens early every Summer and which ends in the early Fall.

Artist McClelland Barclay's "Obsolete Model" Wives

Two Perfect Romances Blighted Because Styles in Feminine Lines and "Upholstery" Changed Like Those of Automobile Bodies—So He Isn't Marrying Any More Models, He Says.

A Photographic Study of the Second Mrs. McClelland Barclay, Who First Won the Artist's Heart by Managing to Look Exactly Like His Ideal Picture of His First Wife.



Artist Barclay and Helene Marie Dreaming of Future Success, Perhaps, in the Days When Love Was Harmonious With Art.



Artist McClelland Barclay's Model One and Model Two Wives—At Left, Mrs. Nan, and at Right, Mrs. Helene Marie, the Famous "Fisher Body Girl" of the Advertisements.

MCLELLAND BARCLAY, famous commercial artist who paints cover pages for magazines and advertisements for automobile bodies, has lost a second model wife. Though only 23 years old, she is already "an obsolete model."

His first wife, Nan McClelland Barclay, had risen with him from obscurity to fame and wealth. And after reaching the very top, he should have to part with the woman who, he admits, did much to bring about his success, was due to a strange and irresistible coincidence which could only crop up in the life of an artist.

An almost equally unexpected piece of bad luck ruined the second romance which otherwise should have been almost as perfect as that of Adam and Eve.

The first Mrs. Barclay, during thirteen years of married life, had taken on weight while styles for women were steadily growing more and more meatless. Therefore by the time her husband had reached the \$1,500 per week drawing stage, with more work offered than he could turn out, it was not surprising that she who had been his early model should no longer see many traces of herself in his magazine covers and advertising pages.

This meant little because an artist does not make a photographic copy of his model. It will be remembered that artist Everett Shinn did this with his model-wife and she thought it so outrageous a breach of model etiquette she divorced him. In the first place few women are sufficiently perfect in face, figure, hair, hands, expression and all. His model is merely the flesh and blood basis on which he builds an imaginary ideal that exists only in his own mind.

Like most of the rest of the world, Mrs. Nan Barclay saw this imaginary creature evolve out of her husband's brain onto canvas and through the printing press into the public eye. Much of the public supposed there was such a person, but the artist's wife always careful to inspect his models, knew that her husband never had and never expected to see anything like her. As long as she did not exist, there was no cause for jealousy or other worry.

Then one day a thing happened so incredible that the shocked wife almost believed it a trick of her imagination. As Mrs. Barclay stepped from the elevator and walked toward the entrance to their New York studio, she was thinking to herself that her husband's ideal had become almost as chaste and definite as if she were a real person. Beside the entrance stood a nineteen-year-old girl standing with her back to her, with a figure strangely familiar. The girl was hesitating with her finger over the button as she read the following sign:

"Do not ring. Do not knock. Go home and telephone."

Hearing a step behind her, the youthful hostess turned around, facing Mrs. Barclay, who could not refrain a gasp of dismay. It was her husband's ideal, a thing he had created and belonged to him, that had been copyrighted and yet there it was actually alive and breathing!

If one is frightened at sight of the ghost of a person known to be dead, imagine Mrs. Barclay's feelings at seeing this real-looking ghost of someone she knew had never existed. Her expression was somewhat mirrored in the face of the girl. Without a word, the vision passed by the staring wife, into the elevator and vanished.

The husband, working intently at his easel, looked up as his wife entered, arched an eyebrow and remarked:

The Reno Divorce Ring, Invented by Model Wife No. 1—Most Prophecically.

"What's the matter, Nan? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Maybe I did," Mrs. Barclay answered as lightly as she could and passed on to her bedroom to have a nervous chill as she tried to reason it out. She hoped that it was ghost.

A ghost can only haunt, it cannot steal a man's heart. But if this apparition was real, her intuition told her that something very serious could and, she feared almost certainly, would happen. Still, it must be a trick of the imagination. The woman was too exact a replica. She was like an ether's proof in every detail, even to the arrangement of her lovely red hair. Such a coincidence was too fantastic to be believed. She refused to accept it, took a sedative and felt better.

Yet the girl was real, and her presence at the studio door at least was no accident. She was Helene Marie Haskin, a Virginia society debutante of the previous season who had recently come to New York. As her childish beauty matured, she and all her friends had been struck by the rapidly increasing resemblance to the paintings of the famous artist. Many believed that she must be secretly posing for Barclay, but the family and her intimate friends knew that the artist had never heard of her.

This time when she came to New York her own inclination and the urging of her friends to go and see the man who was unconsciously painting her portrait were too much to resist. She must see what he would say and find out if he had a model that was her twin. So she had gone and had paused to read that sign. Of course, any very pretty young girl doubts if

such "don'ts" and "keep-outs" really apply to her. She was about to disobey when she saw the expression on Mrs. Barclay's countenance, and instinct told her that the time was fast propitious.

So Helene went back to her hotel obediently and she telephoned. It was Mrs. Barclay's bad luck not to answer the telephone and, though artists do not paint voices, voices give them impressions good or bad. This one moved him to invite the young maiden to call.

The moment he saw her the damage was done and irreparable. It was love at first sight of the most overpowering kind. Adam fell in love with Eve at first sight though she was made, not out of his brain, but merely from a spare rib and probably not according to his own specifications anyhow. Kings and Princes have fallen in love with portraits that had been painted by other men. So one can imagine how Barclay was knocked out of his senses by seeing his own brain child, his ideal and perfect girl, as if she had jumped down from his easel and come to life.

On Helene's side it was more a case of being in love with love, this blazing passion which her appearance had touched off like an explosive, and, of course, because the man was famous and she had been thinking of the celebrity and admiring him for years, but then that's the way girls are at 19.

As for Mrs. Barclay, she realized that all was lost. It was useless to fight against such unheard-of odds. She let him go. When the terms of

charging "amuse cruelty" and he wasn't honest enough to defend the suit. What could have gone wrong?

Just another coincidence. After making Helene famous as the "Fisher Body Girl," he had rather suddenly changed his ideal. This was not Helene's fault nor her husband's exactly. The whole world had swung from admiring the hipless, meatless beauties to a type with curves and more ample upholstery.

In 1933 she was still a beautiful model but as a model she was obsolete, like the body remodeled in a 1929 automobile. Of course it was impossible for a realistic model like Barclay to hide but her from his wife's life and yet she would be more "amuse cruelty" than the world and it in interest!

The way in bodies he sides runs somewhat toward the old of the artist's model wife, but he failed to inform her that she was perhaps getting less obsolete. In different kind of cruelty bobbed up between them. It seems that the beautiful actress for more money which made their divorce so remissive, she had a change after

his second marriage. For a while these monthly checks of \$1,000 which he wrote without the slightest concern and his own indifference turned up regularly. Then came "She is entitled to anything she asks. I do not consider this as alimony, but as her rightful share of a partnership she has done so much to build up and which is now being dissolved through nobody's fault."

The agreement called for \$1,000 a month and to assure it he set aside as security \$1,000,000 worth of Chicago real estate. This was a little over three years ago and the artist lost little time in marrying his dream girl. He had been happy for thirteen years with a wife who was not outwardly his ideal, therefore he should have been in the seventh heaven of his bliss with this absolutely perfect thing called money.

Yet, now, after only three years, she has just divorced him in Los Angeles, by that she could not bear to deposit

them, because her endorsement, she thought, meant an admission that she was a "gold-digger." So, after angrily hoarding them for a few months, she sent the accumulation back to the artist with a request to write new ones without the hated word. Instead of doing so, she says he kept them and stopped sending any new ones. This "cruel" behavior caused the ex-wife to take a certain interest in vulgar money matters, enough to bring suit to attach some \$75,000 of Mr. Barclay's New York real estate.

But the artist maintained his contempt for more money matters and, when the time came for a hearing before a referee, failed to appear. He took the attitude that he had not been properly served and therefore was not legally conscious of the proceedings. Also when process served came to make him conscious, he was supposed to be out of town.

His studio on top of the Heckscher Building in New York is a sort of artistic citadel almost impregnable to process servers. Just before the Fourth of July, however, he amused himself by setting off fire crackers way up there on the roof.

A man in ordinary clothes, who had never been able to get above the top floor of the building, heard the explosions and hurried out of the building. About half an hour later, an official-looking person in a sort of blue uniform bustled in, announcing that he was an inspector representing the fire underwriters. He wished to see what was fireworks might be and make sure that there was no violation of the regulations. The unsuspecting employee of the building let him up to the top floor.

Was Mr. Barclay protested that he was not to harm, the supposed interest to ask for a see hearing about the building after all he cared and then proceeded to urinate the astonished artist with a spout from the court.

This cruel deception by the first Mrs. Barclay, the artist's wife, mattered the illusion that he did not know about the hearing and was out of town. The result was that the referee refused to reopen the hearing when, after it was too late, the artist developed enough interest to ask for a see hearing.

It is said that the very latest 1933-34 model is the long Miss Bobbie Miller, but the artist declares that further matrimonial intentions. What with making becoming obsolete so fast, and no turn-in on the old ones, it hardly seems practical.

Incidentally Mrs. Nan Barclay became a personage in the Reno Hall of Fame by inventing the "Reno ring" which says "True" on the inside and signifies that strictly modern creature, a man who is not a wide-eyed, unencumbered by any husband. This great invention insures her fame, too.

Dances A Ballet All By Herself



(Photos by Maurice Goldberg, New York.)

This Photograph Might Well Be a Tableau by Seven Graceful Ballet Dancers, but It Isn't. Marguerite Agniel, Internationally Known for Her Dancing and Her Writings on the Entire Troupe, Thanks to Her Skill and to Trick Photography.

IT was quite by accident that Marguerite Agniel, an internationally known dancer and physical culturist, discovered that she could be a whole ballet—with the skillful assistance of an expert photographer.

In course, the little young woman cannot multiply herself, like the little anemone, and transform herself into an entire ballet corps. But she can—as the composite photograph above graphically shows—pose in a series of related postures so that when the pictures of these poses are put together they form an interesting and artistic entity, a "study in kinesthetic," as the scientists would put it.

The two poses at the extreme left were taken on a single camera plate, by the familiar "double exposure" method, and so were the two pictures at the right of this page. The three standing figures in the center were made in a "triple exposure," which might be called "The Three Graces."

Maurice Goldberg, the photographer, was consciously trying for a "kinesthetic" series of pictures, but it was not until Miss Agniel saw the finished prints of the photographs arranged together that she suddenly realized, no matter how the pictures were placed, they made a sort of one-dancer ballet.

In her book, "The Art of the Body," Miss Agniel explains in simple terms this thing which makes one-dancer ballets possible and which the men of science call "kinesthesia." "This somewhat high-sounding term 'kinesthetic sense,'" she says, "means the muscular sense of a dancer in combination with that which the scientists sometimes define as a 'sense of gyration.' Rhythm is a factor in music that may best be comprehended by the muscular system, and I believe that a 'muscular' memory may actually be developed through regular exercise, producing eventually a clear and well-ordered conception of rhythm and the ability to reproduce the conception in physical terms—that is, the dance. This muscular memory embodies an unconscious recollection of a preceding pose in the next, which is the secret of making any dance a continuous and perfect composition."

"Body Sculpture," the dancer's latest and soon-to-be-published book, will contain many pictures of these perfect and "kinesthetic" compositions.

Tea for Three

THE other day an American scientist arrived in New York with a companion—a young lady—whom he had brought back with him from the jungles of Africa. Her name is Meschie, and unaccustomed as she was to big cities, she took her first look at the metropolis and its skyscrapers with maidenly upbush.

Soon after Meschie disembarked at a Hudson River pier she was taken to a photographer's studio where she had her picture taken, while she was having tea with the scientist's children—a boy and a girl. Despite the excitement of her new surroundings, the visitor from Africa—she's the one sitting through a straw in the center of the picture—deported herself as a young lady should, except for an occasional "howling house roach" or two for the cakes with her long and hairy arms.

Meschie has the distinction of belonging to the most intelligent family of apes—the chimpanzees—and it is the scientist's intention to keep her in his family as a pet. She was a mere baby when the professor introduced her to the collection of things living and dead, that he brought back with him. But she learned the ways of men so quickly that, already, her manners are as good as those of many a human youngster.



The Chimp Shown in the Photograph Is No Chimp. Her Table Manners Are Well-nigh Perfect—Almost as Good as Those of the Boy and the Girl With Whom She Is Enjoying Her Afternoon Tea.

Apple Tree Grows Face of Savior and Becomes a Shrine

PERHAPS, as the irreligious skeptics say, the curious formation on the trunk of an apple tree in an orchard on the outskirts of Budapest is just another freak of nature. But to the devout owners of the orchard and to

thousands of other folks in Hungary the freaky growth is a perfect likeness of the face of the Savior and was traced there, miraculously, by the finger of the Almighty.

Soon after the face began to emerge from the rough bark, it was noticed by the aged man and woman who frequently go into their orchard to pray for the peace of their own souls and for the well-being of their neighbors. Day after day the features became plainer and more strikingly Christlike.

Word of the "miracle" spread about the neighborhood and people for miles around came to see the "holy tree." Services were held around the tree and ministers from Budapest arrived with groups of their parishioners to swell the crowd of worshippers.

When This Face—Which Resembles the Accepted Pictures of the Savior—Appeared on an Hungarian Apple Tree, Devout Christians Made the Tree a Sacred Shrine.



ROSS PHOTO

A "Bike" for the Whole Family

THE average Englishman's income has been considerably clipped during the past few years, but his desire to get out into the country and to cover a lot of ground comfortably has not abated in the least. British families, especially those who live in the cities and larger towns, must still have their holidays.

The photograph at the right shows an inexpensive and practical machine which many British families, who had to give up their motor cars, have adopted. It is, of course, a tandem bicycle, with seats for the father and the mother—but it is more than that, for just behind the mother's seat is a tonneau for the baby.

This tonneau is attached to the frame with strong springs which absorb all the shocks of the road and which provide safe and enjoyable

transportation for tiny "back-seat" drivers.

The first machine of this kind seen on English highways and by-ways was a home-made affair. The fellow who made it, having a flair for mechanics, merely attached the body of a perambulator to the family tandem. His hybrid vehicle was an inspiration to other Britons, including a bicycle manufacturer who designed a machine of this type and put it on the market at a price that families of moderate means could afford to pay.

It is no trouble at all for a husband and wife to cover fifty miles or more on a Sunday. The seats on which they sit to do their pedaling are comfortable and with two persons providing the motive power the "bike" rolls over the well-kept highway easily. The family shown in the photograph has piled up a total of more than three hundred miles this year.



HEALING PHOTO

The Newest Thing for English Families With Limited Means and a Desire to Get Out in the Country Is a Tandem Bicycle With a Comfortable Tonneau in the Rear for Baby. The Youngster in the Picture Has Twined More Than 300 Miles in This Ingenious Rig.

Pretty Brides for \$500

THE marriageable and unmarried males of Erzinjan, Turkey, are all upset over one commodity price rise that has come with a general improvement in economic conditions in that section of the world. The commodity is wives and the market value of this essential to domesticity, if not romantic happiness, has jumped more than 300 per cent in a few short months.

Of course brides are not bought and sold like slaves in up-and-coming Turkey, but they are contracted for in a way, because the would-be bridegroom is required to present the parents of the girl of his choice with a sort of dowry.

A few months ago the folks of the prettiest maidens in Erzinjan were content to give their consent to the right young man for the Turkish equivalent of \$150. Plain and homely girls could be had at a much lower price, the neglect of them at almost bargain counter prices. But with a general upturn in business and a gradual rise in prices, dowries have, by agreement, among the parents of good-looking daughters, jumped about 300 per cent.

Plump, dark-eyed young women who not so long ago were given a dowry rating of \$150 now bring from \$150 to \$500. The vital statistics of the community reveal that this sharp rise in price has, to some extent, discouraged buyers. But because of the desirability of the commodity the trade still is fairly active despite the new price level.

Young Turks of ample means are not finding this phase of the New Deal in their country oppressive, but men with an eye for beauty and small bank balances are protesting vigorously against what they call restraint of trade.

***A Distinguished New York Physician Discovers a Way to Recall
Some of Us Who Have Departed for the "Life
Beyond"—But Nobody Who Returns
Remembers Anything About The Journey***

Dangerous Dynamite Threats

WHEN Paul Connor got on the street car at Wyoming Avenue, in Melrose, Massachusetts, one evening in the late Summer, several years ago, he did not realize what was going to happen to that same car at the same place, on its return trip. The street car when it reached the same location, but on the return track, struck a box of dynamite, which blew up the car, killing five people, and leaving only a set of wheels and a portion of the frame to show what remained of a new fast suburban street car.

The accident was due to the loss of dynamite falling off of a truck belonging to an express company, and being unnoticed until about a minute before the explosion.

When it was noticed, the driver came running out of the express stable near Melrose Center, and looking back up the main street through which he had just come, was just in time to see and hear the blast of the fifty pounds of high-power explosive. While Paul Connor, coming out later in the evening, on a street car, reached the same spot to get off, found the remains of the catastrophe, and in the midst of noting the coincidence and the narrow margin by which his life had been saved.

With the above incidents still fresh in his mind, Paul Connor was present in Panama on the Canal was working on at Culebra Cut, and was examining the great slides that were causing so much extra labor and trouble.

While looking over the rim of the canal ditch one day, he noticed some hundred boxes of dynamite piled up on the ledge below him, about fifty feet away. Then as he watched, he saw a Mexican laborer come out with a trucker's box-hook in his hand.

The man walked to the end of the boxes just under the place where Connor was standing, and with his box-



Though They Were Both "Used" to Explosives, the City Engineer and the Reservoir Superintendent Got the Worst of Their Lives When an Italian Workman Blithely Threw a Box of Dynamite Down the Hill.

hook, struck one of the boxes to pull it down. But Connor did not wait, and as he did not hear anything further when he stopped running about a mile away, he assumed that nothing happened, but not being too curious, did not return to find out, being satisfied with the thrill he had already received.

And in the city of Baltimore, while they were building the Ashburn Reservoir, the superintendent, Albert Griffin, was talking with the city engineer at that time, over certain details of the work, when they both heard a shout from someone overhead. Looking up, they heard a cry of "Look out!" from an Italian workman who had a box in his hands, and who then threw it over the cliff towards the two men. As it came they saw it was a box of dynamite and it came right to them and struck the ground within four feet of the place they were standing. It did not explode, but both men knocked off work for the day, and to this day will solemnly assure anyone that it was the worst scare they ever had, although both of them were "used" to dynamite.

And then some time later, the same Mr. Griffin was in charge of a crew of laborers digging and blasting out a road in Gwynn Falls Parkway. The location of the new road was over a small stream, and above it were houses built on the ledge facing one of the main arteries in that section. Some dynamite had taken place, and everything looked as if the blasting had been properly done. The Negroes were then sent out to clean off the debris and for other incidental work. As they did so, Mr. Griffin was giving instructions to one of the foremen when he happened to look up and see one of the Negroes with upfitted pick with a stick of dynamite in the end of it.

"George, just like you are and don't move an inch until I come to you," said Mr. Griffin in a voice tense but not excited.

The Negro kept perfectly still, not looking backward or forward. Mr. Griffin then approached him carefully, got a hold of the pick, as it still was held in the air, and noticed that the pick entered the "stick" between the fuse and the outside casing. It was ready to explode at the slightest shake.

Then holding the pick up in the air in the same position, he told the Negro to get away, which he did as carefully as he could, while all the men on the work kept perfectly still. Then when the Negro was out of the way, Griffin threw the pick and its attachment down the hill towards the stream, and immediately there was an explosion that threw up rock and dirt and gave the workmen the shock that comes with such an explosion, but did no serious harm to them. If the explosion had taken place while the Negro was working, he would probably have killed a large number of men, and done damage to the houses on the ledge above, whose occupants did not realize how close they were to the danger.

It is not generally known that Edison, a number of years ago, cooperated with the Dupont interests to discover a way to utilize dynamic and nitroglycerine for internal combustion engines, but after making a number of experiments and getting a good idea of the alchemy of the uncertain and elusive material, he decided to leave this class of development and invention to more enthusiastic investigators, and went back to Menlo Park and continued other investigations.

THE Protestant Episcopal Church, which for some years has had a commission at work studying the divorce evil, has decided that the best way to prevent the divorce of any given couple is to start that prevention before the couple got married. Last year the church added a new note to its code of laws requiring, for the first time in the history of that church, that ministers must "give instruction, both publicly and privately, on the nature of Holy Matrimony," before they marry people.

The idea was that a minister, before the ceremony, should talk frankly with the prospective bride and groom, not only about the spiritual side of marriage but also as to its physical and emotional phases, the "love life," the financial responsibilities involved, and many other things which ministers in the past had not regarded as their business.

Such good results have been had and such interest aroused in the "new attitude" of the Episcopal Church toward marriage, that ministers are further being advised to "give instruction" to the bride and groom. For instance, even the age-old institution of the honeymoon has been carefully examined. There is some doubt in the minds of the clergy now as to whether the honeymoon is a good thing—that is, the old-fashioned type of honeymoon in which the bride and groom, probably worn to a frazzle by weeks of "pre-nuptial" entertainment, dash for the train and a shower of rice and old shoes and start their married life in a stuffy drawing room on route to Niagara Falls or somewhere—perhaps a sea trip, with the bride becoming seasick and the honeymoon a miserable failure.

"It should be made clear to the bride and groom," says the Rev. C. Ruth in Barnes' social service work for the church, "that the honeymoon which is marked by much traveling and a constant round of activities is not conducive to a sympathetic beginning of the mating process." Not only the nature of the honeymoon should be discussed by the pastor and the couple before marriage, but the church now recommends, but it might be well to go into such subjects as the relative ages of the two parties, whether they have mental ability on a par with one another, whether they should buy or rent a home to begin with, and any related topics which they might need advice.

"Childishness disturbs married life more than does childlessness," said the Rev. Mr. Barnes in addressing a social service conference recently. "It is well to raise the question as to whether the applicants for marriage have a mental maturity sufficient to promise a successful marriage."

Age difference may make much difference. If the groom is older than the bride by ten years or more, it is only just that both bride and groom should appreciate the fact that statistics have shown that a large age spread is not favorable to successful marriage. If, however, a groom much older than the bride realizes his responsibility to keep young with his wife, the chances of success are increased.



IT IS fully realized that a man of so recent a period as Abraham Lincoln's time could hardly believe his eyes when he came to life in this mechanical age. The radio, the motor, the airplane and a hundred other inventions have completely revolutionized living conditions.

But there is reason to believe the changes will be equally great in a short space of time in the future. Of course, it is impossible to say just what they will all be. A well-known French scientist, Professor Pierre Devarax, has written a forecast of the main features of domestic life as they will be in the year 2000, based on a reasonable estimate of development now under way.

The ordinary dwelling house has quite lost the appearance it had in the year 1925. It is built of thick plates of ground glass, divided by movable partitions which enable the house-owner to change the size and number of the rooms at will. These partitions are fireproof, sound-proof and, of course, fire-proof. The floor is no less novel and ingenious. Its consistency suggests a pneumatic tube blown out to a very high pressure. Our feet make no sound as they walk upon it. If we drop a fragile vase, it bounces up and is broken without breaking. The cushions, divans and even the beds are also pneumatic. Stuffed mattresses have long been abandoned at regular nodes by electrodes.

The garden of this house is covered with a colossal glass cupola, under which flourish all kinds of exotic plants. Outside the snow may cover the earth, but here the guests can take their tea in a balmy atmosphere amid flower-covered plants. The atmosphere is washed, moistened, heated, cooled, degree necessary for health, ozonized, warmed or cooled to the most comfortable temperature according to the taste of the moment, and treated with health-giving and rejuvenating gases.

The old-fashioned bathroom, tubs and shower baths have disappeared in this new house. The host shows the visitor an ingenious apparatus known as the "vapor lance," which sprays out a mixture of 90 per cent compressed air and 10 per cent lukewarm water in a sort of impalpable mist. This is very pleasant to the skin and does away with the disagreeable nature of the current. The kitchen has been transformed into a sort of laboratory where innumerable utensils of porcelain and nickel are used. An electric current is used in the preparation of food. The exact degree of ripeness of fruits and vegetables is determined by an electric eye. There are instruments of precision for the instantaneous analysis of milk, wine and oil.

One who enters it feels a pang of rheumatism or an approaching attack of "flu" or any other common disease. He steps into an electric bath, giving forth infra-red rays which boil all the disease germs and poisonous acids

far greater than if he were ignorant of the risk involved." The responsibility of preparing couples for marriage was stronger than that of the Eastern. But those of the Eastern responsibility as much further back than the officiating minister. Mr. Barnes declared, for it is the duty of modern parents to see that their children have an "adequate sex education."

He quoted the resolutions of an English church conference on the subject, in which it was declared that "before the child's emotional reaction to sex is awakened, definite information should be given in an atmosphere of simplicity and beauty."

Younger rectors of the Episcopal Church charged with the duty of discussing such subjects with couples they are to marry, said Mr. Barnes, "approach the matter entirely without embarrassment or sentiment and with a fine objective viewpoint," while the older clergy "are above, and extremely hesitant."

Mr. Barnes quoted from the report of the church's commission on marriage and divorce, which said in this connection: "There is nothing in life more important than the institution of marriage. It is as vital as life itself, and is the concern of every human being. Yet there is nothing for which people receive less preparation and training."

Unlabeled as a subject, a few years ago the whole subject of sex has been taboo, and the knowledge of most men has been gained in such a way as to give it a more or less filthy tone. "On the other hand, many of our women have been trained to look on sex as something nasty and dirty, with the terrible results seen in those maladjusted women who are too shy to consider a normal marriage, and who are too ashamed to discuss their own happiness and divorce. The results are often seen in all sorts of psycho-neuroses. Training must be given in the dignity, the beauty and the glory of sex, and in the source of life itself and closely identified with spiritual love and many of the noblest achievements of the human race."

Meanwhile, Episcopal seminaries, says Mr. Barnes, are taking steps to see that future ministers are equipped to give this instruction before marriage, and church conferences are calling for more courses on family relations. Another step he thinks is important is the new law of the Episcopal Church which requires that three days' notice of intention to be married must be given to the minister by the prospective bride and groom before they can be married.

The three days' notice gives the minister time to offer the before-marriage instruction which the church law now requires him to give. He may discuss with the bride and groom many of the subjects mentioned above, or he may require them to the danger of their existing debts, the security of the groom's income, the family budget they should make, the social backgrounds of the bride and groom, and whether they will "fit in" with each other's way of life—and, in short, anything that might make or unmake their marriage.



out of him, but do not hurt him because they are lower in the scale than the heat radiations that burn.

One of the most interesting innovations in the house is the "television chamber," which plays an important part in the private and political life of the citizen of 2000. Against the wall is a vast panel of ground glass on which the occupants of the house can call up motion pictures in color at pleasure, received from short-wave stations located all over the world.

When the house-owner wishes to go out he steps into a motor that rolls over a broad highway that is wonderfully even and yet rough, so as to make skidding impossible. There is no noisy motor under the hood of the car which flies along at a speed of about 200 miles an hour with perfect steadiness. The energy that drives it is received in radio-electric form from distant stations charged by solar radiation.

Springs are not needed in this car owing to the colossal size of the pneumatic tires which are inflated to an extraordinary pressure of 10 pounds.

At night the road becomes luminous, for it is treated with a chemical substance which stores up the energy of the sun. The cars are also luminous all over and do not require the old-fashioned lights.

From time to time we pass strange-looking cars, which carry on a tripod mast three large propeller blades folded up. They are auto-guns, which have returned from a long air voyage and are returning to the garage by the road after having folded up their sustaining propellers.

Suddenly a gigantic streak of fire rises from the earth near the center of the road and a few seconds later we hear the ear-splitting sound of a motor-rocket launched at high speed. It is the New York to Melbourne airplane rocket. We have to visit the most interesting part of the house. The breeding of animals for food purposes has been suppressed and replaced by the artificial culture of grafts of live flesh in the laboratory. The pieces of meat are placed in a lukewarm, nutritive salt fluid which corresponds to the blood. These grafts develop with rapidity and are used as a source of meat in a sanitary, economic and humanitarian manner.

"We have given up," explains our host, "the absurd method of raising whole chickens with bones, ill-suited for the purpose of eating only the white meat."

In another part of the farm grain foods are being developed intensively under frames of quartz, illuminated by stimulating ultra-violet rays. These will be dairy food for the people. The great majority of men in the year 2000 live on products of the laboratory. The culture of certain tropical trees, from which the chemists obtain succulent substances, which replace the former bread, sugar and vegetables.

THE walls of every prison are said to hold stories stranger than fiction. But those of the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia could tell a tale today which most people would refuse to believe without proof. And yet the proof is right there, hanging on the cold walls of the "Pen" itself in the form of innumerable landscapes and portraits which would be a credit to an art student in any Academy in the country.

The painter of these canvases is in jail not for any petty crime, like burglary or even bootlegging, but for murder. What's more, he knew nothing about painting before he went behind the bars and today it is his ambition to paint landscapes and to be allowed outside his cell to see Nature for his work.

The man, who is really a youth, is 18-year-old Johnny Curry, who, as Convict Number 1883, has embraced art as his chosen calling. About four years ago the newspapers were full of descriptions of the shocking "hex" murder of a farmer in York County, Pennsylvania. Nelson D. Rehmer was found dead in December of 1928.

The story came out that John A. Blymer, the York County "hex" doctor, and Wilbert G. Hess had gone to see Rehmer because they believed that he "cast spells" on the Hess family by black magic. They took along with them to Rehmer's farm the then 14-year-old Johnny Curry. It was their idea to cut out a large Rehmer's hair, which Blymer called the "witch-lock," and do certain things to it while going through an elaborate ritual in order to remove the spell from the Hess household.

When they got to the farm, Rehmer resisted and refused to allow them to touch him. They then fell upon him, clubbed him to death, poured kerosene over him and



What's Inside the Prison Walls Is All He Can See. But Johnny Curry, the Youthful "Hex Murderer," Has Taken Up Art and Turns for the Privilege of Painting the Landscapes That Are Denied Him for Life.

set the house afire. Three years ago Blymer was sentenced to life imprisonment, as was young Curry, while Hess was given 10 to 20 years, since the jury considered him a tool of the others.

Today Johnny Curry does not like to talk about the crime for which he is sentenced to spend his life in jail. All he will say is that he really did not know what he was being led into at the time, and that a contention supported by the fact that he was so much younger than the other men. The "hex" doctor, Blymer, is also in Eastern Penitentiary, but although Johnny sees him occasionally, he does not talk to him.

What interests the youthful murderer today is his painting. Many people are interested in his work and much sentimental indignation was aroused over the fact that the State Supreme Court refused to overrule his sentence. Johnny's sympathizers think that he should be given clemency to escape the other men so much older than he, who was then just an uneducated farmer boy of 14.

Recently the prisoner has been visited by Robert Susan, the well-known painter, who comes to give him a lesson about once a month. Johnny himself buys his paint and canvas out of his 20 cents a day wage in the prison office, and a member of the board of the "Pen" has been helping him.

But the one who has been most helpful to him in his unusual career is his own cellmate, Claude D'Aras, who is called "Shorty" by all the inmates. "Shorty," according to Johnny, is the smallest man in the institution and the man with the biggest heart. "Shorty" attended the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia for two years before he got sent up for a term of from 15 to 30 years on a charge of burglary.

After the young murderer arrived, "Shorty" noticed that Johnny showed great facility with the pencil. He helped him in the first steps of drawing and Robert Susan helped some more. The convict-artists began making portraits of his fellow prisoners and today they decorate the walls in his cell.

"Curry is a great admirer of the work of Arthur Carles," "Shorty" said. (Carles is a teacher at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and a very prominent American painter.) "Of course, he has seen only reproductions of this painter's work in the newspapers. I'd like to get him reproductions of the work of Matisse, but it is not easy. What he needs is a good course under Daniel Garber at the Academy. I say Garber because Johnny wants to paint landscapes and Garber teaches landscape painting."

Certainly the prisoner's work is not that of a finished artist. He needs study and he has to learn more about the use of color and the principles of anatomy. But his painting shows a superb talent which should produce some really fine canvases with work and training.

"People have been very kind to me," he says, "and now if they would only allow me to paint landscapes, even if they would allow me to paint outside my cell, I would be happy."

How They Shadowed Unsuspecting Mrs. Loud

Bedroom Walls Drilled Full of Invisible Holes, Trick Motion Picture Cameras, Masquerading Dictographs and Other Devices of the Private Detective Revealed by a St. Louis Millionaire's Troubles With the Wife He Took From a Soda-Fountain Clerk



The Memorial Figure of "Grief" Erected by Her Sorrowing Parents Over the Grave of the First Mrs. Loud.

WHEN a first-class private detective agency undertakes to "shadow" a man or woman, the most astonishing things happen, surpassing detection fiction—but these tricks and ingenuities are almost never revealed to the public. However, in the course of a lawsuit to collect a bill for services to a client, a St. Louis detective agency was forced to make public court record of what some of these services were.

The "shadow" is not one man sent to dog the "shadowed" subject's heels, but usually at least a dozen pairs of trained eyes and ears, paid \$12 to \$20 a day, and often many more are required.

Not only is one of these unseen "shadows" with him wherever the "subject" goes but they take snapshots and even moving pictures of his doings. Most startling of the role played at his home became like a glass house, so that everything which goes on within his bedroom and even bathroom is heard and recorded. Later the stunned and horrified subject learns that during the investigation he has had about as much privacy as the proverbial goldfish.

The person who had been shadowed was Wilma, the pretty 32-year-old second wife of Archibald C. Loud, a wealthy, formerly of St. Louis, and heir to an immense fortune made in the candy business.

There was no necessity for Loud to "be shadowed" by her husband. He could count on her being in Memorial Cemetery in St. Louis where she was removed after shooting herself to death in the house of the beautiful Loud estate, "Shadow Hill," after refusing Loud's request for a divorce. Her resting place is made unusually conspicuous by a strange monument—a statue of a young woman representing grief and on which is inscribed the tragic words of the note the first Mrs. Loud wrote her parents a few moments before committing suicide: "My precious ones, the heart is crushed out of me. Tell my baby how I love her. Good-bye. All my love, Mildred."

Her husband had insisted on divorce to make way for the younger Mrs. Wilma Bratek, wife of John Bratek, soda fountain clerk. Wilma, who was "too pretty to be a poor man's wife," divorced her first husband, after her rivals' suicide, married Loud and became the new mistress of "Shadow Hill."

The happiness of this ill-matched marriage did not last long. The discarded "soda-jerker" brought an alienation of affections suit for \$100,000 against Mr. Loud, and the new wife's behavior made him suspect that if Bratek should win, Mr. Loud might get back to her first love and help him spend the money. After a heated argument on the subject the second Mrs. Loud left "Shadow Hill" and took an apartment in St. Louis. From there she brought suit for her dower rights, preventing the sale of the big estate.

Facing these two suits and suspecting that his wife was still friendly with her first husband, Mr. Loud employed the responsible and effective A. A. Ahner, detective Agency of St. Louis to "shadow" Wilma. After a while both suits were withdrawn and the public would never have known why, if the economically-minded millionaire had not declined to pay a balance of \$1,-



The First Mrs. Loud, Who Killed Herself When She Learned Mr. Loud Wanted to Marry the Soda-Fountain Clerk's Wife.

499.88, still due for the "shadowing." The suit brought out that thirteen "shadows" were employed, both men and women, whose identities, as is the custom in all detective agencies, as well as the U. S. Secret Service, were hidden under numbers. But it could not be hidden how the job was done. Locating Wilma's address was apparently so easy that no special charge was made for that item.

Then the first "shadow" flitted by, the woman could no more have noticed than the shadow of a bird on the wing. "Operative 112," a man, sauntered past the apartment house, a high-class one on the West side, to "look the ground over." For a lone man to have asked questions or loitered in that vicinity any length of time would have attracted someone's attention. "Operative 112" first had to make himself invisible or rather, what is just as good, unnoticeable. His trained eye noted that a milk wagon parked a couple of hours just around the corner. Milkmen, like letter-carriers, gas and electric company employees, can come and go unnoticed and therefore are as good as invisible. "Operative 112" rented a small truck, pointed out in the name of a fictitious milk company, and got himself a milkman's white hat and tamper. Dressed in these, and carrying a wooden tray of milk bottles, some full, some empty, he was free to run up and down the back stairs of the apartment house, rattling empty bottles, soliciting orders and asking questions, without causing anyone to give him a second thought. The only person he took care to avoid was a genuine milkman who might have wanted to know about his company or to see his union card.

He quickly located Wilma's apartment and was disappointed to learn that the next door was occupied by an elderly couple who were well-satisfied with their home. This was a complication, because the detective wanted that apartment as headquarters for that job, which meant that those old tenants had to be gotten out. The bottle-rattler retired from the scene temporarily and "Operative 1917" appeared. She was a modest,

quaintly-dressed, middle-aged woman of evident refinement, just the type to take the eye and win the confidence of an elderly woman. She had to work carefully, but in several days "Operative 1917" had struck up an acquaintanceship with the elderly woman. She admired the apartment. Could she bring a friend out to see how pretty it was? "Operative 1917" was arranged.

The visit was cleverly arranged for on an evening when the elderly husband would be present. The "friend" "Operative 1917" brought with her was "Operative 1942," a middle-aged man, whose dress and manner showed him to be a conservative, well-to-do business man. He expressed his admiration of the apartment but mentioned reflectively that if they were not so comfortable and contented, they would be just the people to live in the splendid \$250-a-month apartment of a friend of his who was going around the world. Perhaps they would like to see it anyway.

The old folks inspected the flat and were fascinated. They could have it for a nominal sum, less than their own rent, but what would they do with their present place? "Operative 1917" pretended that if they were not so comfortable and contented, they would be just the people to live in the splendid \$250-a-month apartment of a friend of his who was going around the world. Perhaps they would like to see it anyway.

They were charmed, the old pair moved out, the new one moved in and now the detectives were in position of the flat next door to Wilma. Even

Archibald C. Loud, St. Louis Millionaire, Whose Troubles With His Second Wife Brought About the Revelations of How She Was "Shadowed."

In a large city there is always a certain amount of curiosity about a new neighbor. The shadows must be careful not to excite Wilma's suspicion. "Operative 113" bought \$1.00 worth of curtain string, hung the curtains, scrubbed the floors, washed the windows and gossiped with the neighbors in order, according to the words of the court petition, "to provide the housewife atmosphere."

At last the shadows were in a position to start real preliminaries for the shadow work. Two moving picture cameras, which according to the detective expense accounts rented for \$17.50 and had special lenses which would take pictures under adverse light conditions and were supplied with "two all-weather" film rolls at \$5.00 per roll, were installed.

One of the cameras was trained from windows at the front entrance and the other on the back entrance of the apartment for photographic evidence of Wilma and any companion she might be with. Millenaire Loud apparently felt that a picture of his wife and her former husband, while Mrs. Loud was still Mr. Loud, might be an interesting exhibit for the jury in case the \$100,000 allegation of affection suit was brought to trial by the soda clerk.

These preliminaries, though requiring

Mrs. Wilma Bratek Loud, "Too Pretty to Be a Poor Man's Wife" Whose Life Was Literally an Open Book Every Minute of the Day and Night to the Hidden "Shadows."

some time and expense, ingenuity and dramatic ability, were simple and easy compared with the next step, which was so delicate that a slip was made which came within a hair of spoiling everything. This job was to make the intervening wall of plaster, lath and wall paper transparent for the detectives, but still opaque for Wilma on the other side. It first had to be determined that neither Wilma nor anyone else was at home while the hammering and sawing necessary to removing the plaster was going on.

With nearly six look-outs employed at the apartment, in addition to "Operative 118" and "Operative 238," keeping tabs on the goings and comings of Wilma and those of any companion who might be with, this part was

Then there was the matter of placing the observation holes at an advantageous position. The bedroom had been decided upon as the scene of the observation, not a must be determined which room was used by the young lady as her boudoir. This problem was solved by a study of the "friend's" apartment which was identical with the one adjoining it.

Then the professional shadows would not be satisfied with common peep holes which could easily be detected and which would make observation by one person difficult, by more than one person impossible, and could not allow room for the installation of a dictograph which was to record the words of any occupants of the adjoining apartment while their actions were being watched.

A unique device, which would make the occupants plainly visible to the watching detective while rendered by the latter invisible, was then constructed. When "Operative 117" reported that Mrs. Loud had just left the front of the apartment and appeared to be dressed for a shopping trip which should keep her absent for some time, "Operative 118" and several others went to work on the wall. The holes and saws necessary to making the

proper holes." Also listed in the detective's expense account was "cleaning one heavy wool comfort used to catch plaster and prevent sound, \$1.00." It was at this point that bug poison, costing 25 cents, was purchased.

The drill used was the same as dentists employ for removing out the root canal of a tooth and the power was from an electric dental engine. With this they drilled the wall paper with hundreds of tiny, pin-point holes, through which all could peep at once, but they had to keep their flat in darkness so that light coming through would not reveal the holes.

Dictographs were placed and even the microphone of a dictaphone so that conversation would be recorded on a wax cylinder for the voices to be reproduced in court. Then just as everything was ready, a large piece of plaster and wall paper fell into Wilma's apartment, leaving a gaping hole. Putting on overalls and dusting his hair and face with plaster, "Operative 183" risked everything on one bold stroke. He met Mrs. Loud as she returned with a companion. "Operative 183" shuffled with embarrassment as he doffed his cap.

"I'm sorry, lady," he said, "but I'm one of the workmen here and while we were doing some work on the walls today a piece of plaster fell through into your apartment. I'd be glad to repair the damage and clean up any dirt."

Mrs. Loud thanked him, and anxiously the detective and the companion helped the "workman" as he repaired the plaster and paper work while the shadow on the opposite side of the wall observed the proceedings, hardly able to conceal their delight.

In order for the conversation and observation through the peep screen to hold weight should they be needed in a court of law, a court stenographer was employed twenty-four hours a day at \$12 a day, to make official notes of all sounds that came through the perforated wall. This was "Operative 114."

Mrs. Loud little dreamed until later that everything that went on in her bedroom had an audience of men and women who could tell her exactly what she supposed was a solid wall.

When the detective decided that they had the goods, it was necessary to repair the damage and move out. Also they had to inform the surprised and pained old couple that the "friend" had unexpectedly returned from around the world, to move them back and compensate them for their outlay.

A. A. Ahner, at 35, the youngest head of a major detective agency in the country, refused to say what his operations saw through that wall. However, from the bill itself and the court proceedings it seems that Wilma's first husband was a constant visitor and neither husband knew about it. Mr. Loud finally settled with the agency out of court. The total bill for this business, which ran from May 13 to June 30 of last year, was \$2,598.48. Four women detectives not even rich men's wives—they have to be so careful.

Mrs. Loud Little Dreamed Until Later That Everything That Went on in Her Bedroom Had an Audience of Men and Women, Peeping and Listening Through Holes She Supposed Was a Solid Wall.

"A
pleasant journey,
thank you!
AND VERY
INEXPENSIVE, TOO"



"Want me to take the wheel?"
"I'm not tired. With Free Wheeling,
Syncro-Mesh and the Starterator,
this car practically drives itself."



What a year this is for roaming this fascinating land of ours! What a perfect time to look up friends and relatives too far away to greet as often as you'd like. Hotel rates, camping supplies, food, clothes—you can almost name your own price for everything. And never was transportation so dependable, so comfortable, so inexpensive. Chevrolet has taken care of that. The new Chevrolet is just what you'd order if you were designing a car to cover a lot of territory in a limited time. Pack in passengers and baggage—there always seems to be space for more in that roomy Fisher body. Slouch down behind the wheel—the scientifically designed cushions fit naturally into body curves, and cradle you like an overstuffed armchair. Once on the road, you make

your own weather with the famous Fisher ventilation. Mechanical troubles? Forget about them—you're driving a car that's been tested by millions of owners. And time after time you'll speed by gas stations you would never think of passing up in any other car. How does that sound to you?—a broad highway before you—a good car under your hands—and expenses so low that you'll probably spend less than if you'd stayed at home. Go ahead and make your plans—there's nothing to stop you. For Chevrolet prices start at \$445, which means that your present car will doubtless take care of the down payment. From then on, the road to new pleasures and new savings stretches straight ahead for thousands upon thousands of miles.

\$445 to \$565

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

All prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value.

SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET



"Ran smooth and pretty
all day long, didn't she?
And I certainly stepped
on it."

"I haven't given it a
thought. I naturally ex-
pect a Chevrolet to be-
have that way."



"How's that Octane Selector working out?"

"Perfectly. I've used a dozen different kinds of gas
this trip. I'm getting the same high mileage with
each, and I haven't noticed a sign of carbon."

"It's marvelous to see
you again. How was the
trip?"

"Easy as staying at home
—thanks to Fisher ven-
tilation and that big,
roomy Fisher body."

Capt. Perry, Bearded Lady, Now 7 Times a Bride

Not a Blushing One Because the Whiskers Interfere, and She Married the Same Man Twice—But Romance and Hope Still Burn Undimmed in the Heart of Barnum's Once Famous, Long Forgotten, Premier Side Show Attraction



Mrs. Cheesman (That Is, Captain Perry, the Bearded Lady) and Her New Husband, Discussing Household Accounts.

CAPTAIN M. E. PERRY, who knocked Battling Nelson down six times in ten rounds and recently punched a judge in the jaw knocking him off the bench, is a deep sea skipper, has been married six times, has just married again for the seventh time, has seven children and at the age of 52 is still able to carry a piano unaided and get into court charged with stealing the love of another man's wife.

What a man? Not at all! Captain Malvina Emily Perry is a woman. She was born at sea on the good ship "Oliver Mitchell," just south of the Equator, daughter of the skipper, Capt. Amiel Wolf and Mrs. Wolf, who had Indian blood. Something in that combination of circumstances produced a truly remarkable child who grew up to be a husky young person, in every way a perfect specimen of a two-dated, bearded man except for just one thing. She was a woman.

On the other hand, she was a perfect specimen of a woman, tender, loving and true, who wanted to be a clinging vine type of wife and would have been except for just one thing. Her countenance persisted in sprouting such a bumper crop of whiskers that even three shaves a day would not conceal the fact.

All this caused many disappointments, divorces, "busted jaws" and other complications. Every time the whiskers cost Malvina a husband or a job she went into the circus as a "bearded lady"—easy money, but she hated it and soon quit.

Malvina became a full-fledged sea captain when she was thirty-two. Her latest and seventh husband was one of her old sailors, when she skippered the "Oliver Mitchell." His name is Joseph Edward Cheesman. They live on the old hulk of the "Elinore," an ancient lumber schooner, which had been wrecked a few years ago and which she and her son raised themselves with block and tackle.

"I look a liking to him then," she explained, "and would talk to him by the hour on the poopdeck. I taught him to steer the ship and took the compass."

One day the humble deckhand aspired to the hand of his whiskered captainess. Coyly, in a rumbling contralto, she bade him wait. That was ten years ago.

They talked over their old times on the poopdeck. They found that their love still lived.

"He reminded me of my promise, and insisted he still wanted to marry me and share my burdens," said Captain Perry, coyly rubbing her cheeks to encourage the blush hidden by the stubble even after her second shave that day.

"I had the same feeling toward him, and we were married, but he'll need a lot of training," said Captain Perry, flexing the power muscles of arms that can carry a 100-pound timber with ease. "He has forgotten all he knew about the sea and he has let himself down, not only financially but physically. But we're going to make our home here on the 'Driftwood' as the old 'Elinore' has been christened, and rebuild our fortunes together. Maybe some day we can go back to sea together. Who knows? After all, I am only 52 years old."

One of the most famous side-show attractions of the Barnum & Bailey Circus, Malvina had been forgotten for years until just the other day the career of this strangely gifted but handicapped woman was brought to light in the police court of Magistrate Joseph E. O'Connor of Baltimore, Maryland.

Capt. Perry was in court charged by William Becker with being a man masquerading as a woman and that "he" had broken up Becker's home by stealing Mrs. Becker's love. The captain demanded an examination by the police matron, who promptly reported her to be 100 percent woman. When the magistrate warned Becker not to make that charge again, Mrs. Perry affirmed it with the following warning of her own:

"If I ever hear of your making such a statement again or any other insult about me, I'm going to punch that map of yours around onto the back of your head."

Mr. Becker hastily withdrew without making any comment. Only two weeks previously he had "socked him one" and he and his false teeth had never been the same since. Her threat might have been construed as contempt of court, but perhaps it is just as well, considering what happened in another court, that this magistrate only smiled.

Before coming to Baltimore this bearded lady had been brought before Judge Hilbert of the Detroit Juvenile Court, who had no doubt that the husky-looking person who needed a shave must be a man. Capt. Perry was there to answer for not supporting her son Robert, 14 years old.

"What is your name?" Judge Hilbert asked. "I answered your question truthfully, and I will not be called a liar," the captain said, bristling.

"I asked you for your name," the judge is said to have rebuked. "I want your correct name." "I answered your question truthfully, and I will not be called a liar," the captain said, bristling.

"Well, you are a liar," the judge is alleged to have replied. The same left that had hooked Battling Nelson shot across the bench with lightning speed and landed flush on the judge's jaw. He spun about in his swivel chair, and finally toppled to the floor. He sent her to jail for contempt of court.

On her release Mrs. Perry decided not to put the judge in the hospital. She is always saying that and doesn't really mean it. Instead, she worked freights to Baltimore. Having no money, the bearded lady wished to find free lodgings, some showing nobody cared to accept. Several hundred tramps in the city had the same idea but did not think such a thing existed. Capt. Perry, with a sailor's eye, wandered the water front and found one. Her future home was a small wrecked lumber schooner and its main defect was the fact that it was under water in Chesapeake Bay.

The captain borrowed some old block and tackle, cables and other material from a marine junk shop and managed to haul the old wreck up on a bar near the Hanover Street bridge. There she was living with Robert and three dogs shortly after Christmas when invited to the Becker home to take care of the family while Mrs. Becker was laid up with the gripe. She accepted, in consideration of board for herself, her son and the three nondescript hounds.

The enmity between Mr. Becker and the bearded lady, as she is best known, began one morning at the breakfast table, according to Mrs. Perry. She had prepared the meal for him early as usual, and they were alone in the room. In passing near his chair, Mrs. Perry related, he caressed her. She sternly rebuked him for his action and warned him to keep his hands to himself. In subsequent days, which grew into weeks, his dislike for her grew.

When Mrs. Becker told her husband to mind his business, he said Capt. Perry was a man in disguise and accused her of having alienated Mrs. Becker's affections.

"Don't take any notice of the old fool," advised Mrs. Becker, but the captain took enough notice to wait for her accuser outside and give him "one little punch in the mouth." This not only sent him down for a long count but knocked the upper half of his false teeth out of his mouth and the lower ones halfway down his throat. Arriving Becker picked up half his teeth, coughed up the other and staggered away to return with a bench warrant for the man's arrest.

"Your Honor," she said, addressing the court, "I do not deny striking Mr. Becker, nor that I had a perfect right to do so. I am sorry, however, that I broke his teeth. Had I thought of it at the moment, I would not have struck him on the chin. I'd have hit him somewhere else. But I feel sorry for

breaking his teeth and would pay for them if I had the money."

"Haven't you been doing washing for the Beckers?" the magistrate asked. "Yes, Your Honor. Mrs. Becker's daughter said me 50 cents a week to do her washing."

"Would you be willing to do Mr. Becker's laundry for that amount each week to pay for his teeth?" "Yes, sir, I would."

"All right, the cost of repairs has been set at \$5. You will do Mr. Becker's personal laundry for 16 weeks. This does not include members of his family. He will pay you 50 cents, and you will return it, taking a receipt. This receipt you will turn over to me each week until the entire amount has been paid."

And so she did. Malvina Emily Wolf had remained at sea on her father's ship until she ran away with Edmund S. Perry, one of the sailors. She was then 15 years old and her beard had not yet begun to grow.

She was taken by the fathers of the young couple to annual the marriage. Malvina and her father did not meet again for five years, when she ran into him on the sidewalks of New York.

An understanding, embodying forgiveness on both sides, was reached and she joined the "Oliver Mitchell" as second mate. Her older brother, George, was first mate, but for various temperamental reasons they failed to get along together, and she again deserted the ship. This time, her whiskers luxuriant, she joined a circus as a bearded lady, and became an added attraction by having a strong man break a sand rock eight inches square by four inches thick over her head with an eight-pound mallet. A permanent injunction was issued by the U. S. District Court at Trinidad, Colo., in 1909, to prevent her from continuing this feat. It was contended there was a strong risk of death in the act, and that no one other than herself could be a party to it.

Obviously she could not balance the rock and break it on her head all by herself. So she practiced the art of breaking kitchen chairs over her head, and continued this intermittently for a long time.

She married four times in the succeeding years, and to her third husband, J. M. Morgan, she gave birth to three girls, now married and living in Wisconsin. She remained married to Morgan for seven years, when they separated on his assertions she looked too much like a man and embarrassed him to be in his company. The three children sided with their father and left their mother. The breach has never been healed. Then she remarried Perry, who lost his life in the War.

In 1919, her father died and willed the "Oliver Mitchell" to her. As captain, in her own right, she commanded the ship with the same stern discipline as her father had for more than two score years. She obtained her license as master seaman in 1921. The old schooner sank in 1924 near Yucatan under an overload, and Captain Perry left the sea.

Captain Perry, as she prefers to be called, is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her muscles are like steel, her features distinctly those of a man. She has a neck, chin, mouth and nose, but eyes and forehead of a woman. Her hands are also those of a man, broad and rugged. She believes she can lift more weight than her bones will stand. Her facial expression is wholly manifestly that of a male Indian, getting this from her part-Indian mother. Her appearance is much better in men's clothing than in those of her natural sex.



Barnum's First Bearded Lady, Mrs. Josephine Clouffus, Who Starred the Side Show Fashion Novelty Throughout the World for This Type of Human Novelty.



Captain Perry With Her Beard and Without It.



The Captain Lifting Her Son Robert, Who Her Suck to His Mother Through Thick and Thin.

The Old Lumber Ship "Elinore," Raised From the Bottom of Chesapeake Bay to Become the Home of the Bearded Lady, Who Is Also a Real Sea Captain—and Is Now the Home of Herself, Her New Husband and Her Fourteen-year-old Son, Robert.

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...your motor's way of saying
"GIVE ME ETHYL"

YOU'VE felt these fiery fingers reaching up through the floorboards. They're trying to tell you your engine needs **MORE** than water to keep cool in hot weather. They're saying, "Please stop the **KNOCK** that's making me **HOT—GIVE ME ETHYL!**"

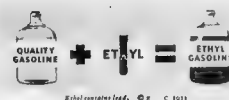
If you **IGNORE** their warning, your engine becomes **DANGEROUSLY** overheated. It loses power, wastes oil and fuel, and often the final result is a big **REPAIR BILL**.

That's one reason why Ethyl Gasoline is **CHEAPER IN THE LONG RUN**. Ethyl stops the harmful knock that's at the root of expensive overheating troubles. It saves enough on

repairs alone to offset the few pennies extra it costs. It gives **MORE** power and **LESS** heat than any other gasoline.

Your car, especially if it's a veteran, needs Ethyl's **EXTRA** power. It needs the **NEW LIFE** and restored **YOUTH** Ethyl gives. Everywhere people are saying, "*The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl!*"

Look at the picture again. Remember it the next time heat makes you uncomfortable in your car. Remember it when you stop at a gasoline station. Your car **NEEDS** Ethyl to keep cool on hot days and long drives. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



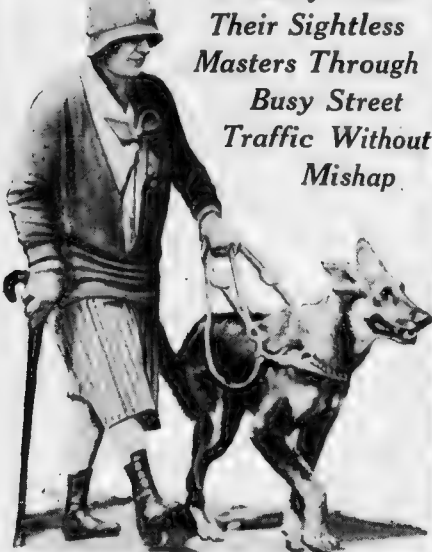
**THE HOTTER THE DAY,
 THE MORE YOU NEED**

ETHYL

NOW
 SOLD BY OIL COMPANIES AT
 only **2¢**
 PER GALLON
 over "regular"

How They Train Dogs to Lead the Blind

Remarkable Achievements of Dog Guides Who Are Taught to Safely Take Their Sightless Masters Through Busy Street Traffic Without Mishap



Dog Guiding Her Blind Mistress Along the Sidewalk.

THE reader of this page may have seen him holding in his left hand a U-shaped handle attached to a special harness around the shoulders of his faithful dog, as they wended their way along a busy city sidewalk, stopped at the curb until traffic halted, and then walked briskly across the street to a waiting trolley car whose steps they quickly mounted.

He is Col. Morris S. Frank, a dark, slender, self-confident young man who was blinded by a schoolboy's punch nine years ago. His dog is "Buddy," the first German shepherd dog properly adjusted to being a blind man's guide in the United States. Together they have traveled more than 100,000 miles during the past five years without accident to man or animal.

In that time over one hundred additional sightless persons have been supplied with dogs like Buddy, largely because of Col. Frank's efforts. For at Morristown, N. J., there is an organization exclusively devoted to the economic and spiritual rehabilitation of sightless men and women by supplying them with dogs especially educated to serve them as guides. This organization is called the Seeing Eye, and Col. Frank is its vice president in charge of the division for the blind, to which he now devotes all his time.

With the aid of Buddy he used to sell insurance. Many of the blind graduates have news stores and stands, and others have shops of various kinds. Some are house-to-house canvassers who have been rehabilitated after blindness beyond their highest expectations. Still others are factory workers whose dogs guide them to and from their work. A few are women. One master recently estimated that in ten months he and his guide had made 12,000 street crossings without mishap.

Buddy leads Col. Frank in his clothes each morning in a specific order. The underwear comes first, then socks, shorts, trousers, shoes and collar. Two years ago they were asleep one night in a hotel room in Cincinnati. Suddenly the dog barked and nudged her master with her quivering nose. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and followed her into the corridor. There for the first time he smelled the smoke that Buddy's more sensitive nostrils had sniffed several minutes before. The alarm they sounded saved their own and doubtless several other lives.

The dog guides are educated to become their blind masters' eyes. They are taught to pick up anything the master drops and to solve all traffic problems as they come without commands from the master. Take, for instance, a blocked sidewalk. The dog paces out how she can bring her master around the obstacle in a safe way. In automobile traffic no two crossings present the same problem. There are fast cars, slow cars, strings of cars. It is up to the dog to decide when to stop, when to hasten her pace, and when to slow up, going on only when the way is safe. In string traffic she must decide whether she should let a whole string pass by or, if a temporary opening occurs, whether it is large enough to pass through.

The dog learns to cross streets in a straight line, to take advantage of breaks in traffic lines, and not to re-



Sightless Boy Being Guided Down the Stairs at the Morristown Railroad Station in New Jersey.

main in the street longer than absolutely necessary. Most dogs will therefore take advantage of a break in traffic to get their master back onto the sidewalk. If a car should cut very close in front of a dog, she will take a step back to allow more clearance.

At the curb the animal stops and stands still so that her master can find the edge with his cane. At steps, in meeting approaching traffic, or whenever an obstacle hampers progress, the dog indicates the situation by slowing up, stopping, or sitting down. When meeting pedestrian or circumventing trees, she leans away from her master, who is led around the obstacle by following the direction of the pull on the harness handle in his hand. This specially constructed harness places the dog next to the left knee of the master and enables him to feel every move the guide makes, each movement being a signal to him to step up or down, turn right or left, stop for automobile traffic, etc. There have been many faithful little dogs which have led their masters on one or two given routes. But until the present method of instruction was in-



Dog Guide Leading His Master to the Entrance of a Drug Store.

vented it was impossible for a blind man to direct his dog to take him wherever he wanted to go. Contrary to the general belief, a blind person has a fairly adequate mental picture of his own town. He knows, for instance, that to reach a certain destination he must turn in the right or left, and that the entrance he seeks is thirty paces down the street on the right hand side. By direction commands of "left," "right" and "forward" he directs his educated dog to take him there.

The education of dog guides for the blind first aroused the interest of Col. Frank (the title is an honorary one given him by the Governor of Tennessee, his native State) in 1927. A friend happened to read to him an article in which Mrs. Harrison Eustis described the work she was doing in educating German shepherd dogs for police work and as guides to the war-blinded. At her place, Fortunate Fields, a Swiss Verger, Switzerland, Mr. Eustis for years had been breeding and training dogs for the Swiss State police, the Swiss customs, the Italian Metropolitan police, the penitentiaries of New York and Pennsylvania, and as guides to the blind. So impressed was Col. Frank with Mrs. Eustis' article that he determined to study her work and methods in the hope that he and other sightless persons in the United States could secure dog guides.

When he arrived at Fortunate Fields he was assigned Buddy and instructed in using her. Then for months he tested her in traffic, controlled and uncontrolled, in cities large and small, on trains and trolleys, on highways and country roads. At the end he was convinced that with a dog like Buddy

three years. The normal life span allows them from eight to ten years.

For work of a more strenuous character, dogs known as police dogs in this country, are being used at Morristown. They are kinder by nature, more eager to please, and less inclined to be quarrelsome with other dogs than the males. Each dog chosen must be alert, active, interested and plucky. Teaching a sluggish-minded dog is so difficult as educating a dog who is naturally human being. The dogs must also be what is called "gun sure," that is, not subject to fright from a pistol crack. This test is made because the dog may have to face a gun, but to make certain that the back of an automobile will not frighten her.

The dogs must have a good all-weather coat and feet which will stand up under punishment from all kinds of footing. They must also be large and strong enough to do their work of guiding without being clumsy or costly to maintain, yet not so large that they are unwieldy, but sufficiently intelligent to develop under the Seeing Eye's educational process.

The blind man or woman spends his own one of these dog guides does not arise to the Seeing Eye and have it shipped to him or her. These highly sensitive animals are not sent out promiscuously. The blind person must go to Morristown, where he is taught how to use and care for his guide.

Each class consists of eight or nine dogs, and the course lasts three months. The blind masters then spend a month at the Seeing Eye learning the use and care of the dog assigned, and the master has the personal attention of the instructor who educated the dog and receives full instructions in following his dog through traffic in the street of Morristown. He is also taught how to brush and clean the animal, what and when to feed her, the treatment of minor ailments, and when to call a veterinarian.

Trained Dog Who Has Guided Its Master in the Step of a Street Car and Who Could He Be Safely on Board Before Following Him Into the Car.



"Buddy," the First Trained Dog Guide Brought in America. She Is Shown Here Picking Up the Cane Which Had Been Dropped by Colonel Frank, Her Master.

With her he returned to the United States and soon afterwards Mrs. Eustis consented to his earnest plea that she reorganize her work with shepherd dogs for the blind. In 1929 she came to the United States, established the Seeing Eye at Morristown, and began interesting individuals and organizations in helping her and Col. Frank to carry on.

Today the Seeing Eye always has a minimum of eight prospective dog guides in the course of education and often as many as twenty at one time. When they begin training, the dogs vary in age from fourteen months to



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Six Sightless Students Leaving the "Seeing Eye" for Their Daily Walk in the Street Traffic of Morristown, New Jersey. While They Are Learning to Be Guided by the Trained Dogs.

In a meeting of the Seeing Eye's master with the public, the master demonstrated that the dogs can adapt themselves to the various conditions of the street. The dogs are given a full course of instruction in the use of the harness and the U-shaped handle. The dogs are also taught to pick up the cane which has been dropped by the master. The dogs are also taught to pick up the cane which has been dropped by the master. The dogs are also taught to pick up the cane which has been dropped by the master.

The total cost of the training of a dog guide is \$300. The cost of the dog is \$100. The cost of the harness and the U-shaped handle is \$50. The cost of the food and the other expenses is \$150. The cost of the training of a dog guide is \$300. The cost of the dog is \$100. The cost of the harness and the U-shaped handle is \$50. The cost of the food and the other expenses is \$150.

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Dolores, Famous Artists

The Inspiration of Epstein, the Sculptor, and Other Artists, But No Longer Welcomed in the Studios, She Writes of Her Poverty and Degradation



Disheveled, Seedy and No Longer Sought as a Model, Dolores Ekes Out an Existence in a London Garret.

Dolores, Favorite Model of Epstein and Other Distinguished Artists and Sculptors.

By Dolores.

The "Fatal Woman" of the London Art Studios.

DILOGENES, the Greek philosopher, father of the school of Cynics, lived in a tub. And took a lamp to search for Truth and find an honest man.

I, Dolores, have been sitting, too, in a tub. I, too, am become a cynic.

I have been driven to sit on exhibition in a "dime museum" in Tottenham Court Road. I, whose face and body every sculptor and artist wishing to rank among the immortals craved to paint—with my soul—on canvas or to execute in marble or bronze, am an exhibit.

Once before in my life I spent a night among the destitute on a park bench on the Thames Embankment. But I had rich and influential friends then and jewels and fine clothes.

And now again I have slept on the benches in the park and this time I was indeed one of the destitute—friends, influence, fine clothes, all gone. Through sheer starvation and after gazing for nights on end into the swirling water of the Thames, thinking of ending it all. I have come to pose for a very different type of people to those who worshipped at my feet, who were willing to be scorched in the flame of Passion so long as I was who I lit the torch.

In this London thoroughfare, where I have been on exhibition in the very barrel in which the Rector of Stiffkey... I must show myself to the crowds who throng its sidewalks. Jostling colored men, leaning with sensual lips at the coffee-like pallor of my body; faded street women, gaping, "let's have some" from the Province, who have coaxed out of the Northern Railway station to waddle along and stare at anything unaccustomed; these gaze at me and wring me up with appraisement. And the men who, for a moment, I made by according to their desire to perpetuate in painting or in statuary Dolores, most famous model of all times? They have forgotten me.

The crowds stare for nothing. For four cents they get my autograph. "Yours faithfully, Dolores." Twenty, fifteen, ten years ago, royalty and statesmen, dukes and millionaires, would have paid a king's ransom for that signature of mine. Had it but been at the end of a letter which gave them hope, hope of the power to love me, to possess me. And now for four cents they may get what once they regarded as my irresistible charm and get my autograph.

Why?

Because of the ingratitude of man. Because I have tasted, to the bitterest, that cup of truth that Shakespeare filled when he wrote:

"Blow, blow, thou Winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

I have sat, as Diogenes sat, looking out upon the world from my tub and like him I have mused. But, unlike Diogenes, I can order no emperor to remove himself from between me and the sun. I, perforce, must let who will, colored

man or street walker, grimy urchin or drunken reveler, stand between me and the warmth, the light, and gaze on the body and face that Jacob Epstein and other geniuses in art implored for as model, a body that a hundred lovers have fought for and several have died for.

Why?

Because, I suppose, I have served their purpose and have passed from being the fashion, the vogue. Because, according to the standards of today, the beauty of my body is on the wane. Because women such as I have their day, and, having had it, are thrown over like discarded garments into the dustbin. That is where I am; in the dustbin of society. And I may remain there to rot for all care those who craved for me a few years ago.

My face still retains the features, the outlines, the eyes that went to the creation of that bust which is to be sold within a day or two of my writing at Sotheby's, the art auction rooms of London. "A bust of Dolores, by the great sculptor Jacob Epstein," has been announced for sale. It will fetch many thousand dollars. It was done in 1923. And I, in a Soho garret, whose roof I barely manage to keep over me, will hear of the sale, but that will be all.

I admit that my face has become ravaged by a life that has been lived to the full of "every unfortunate minute." An ex-emperor and the most illustrious men of four European capitals were supplicants for my favors when I had youth, when I was famous, when I was the Queen of the Bohemia of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. They threw orchids and roses at me when I appeared as prima ballerina at the Opera, Paris, the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and La Scala, Milan; they showered me with gifts of jewels and furs. Now they throw insults.

A week or two ago, desperate, starving, driven almost mad with the cold of a night spent in the open and the gnawing of my empty vitals, I went into a free library and looked at the advertisements of work offered.

I saw one which read: "General help wanted. Must be prepared to do rough work." No work could be rougher than that of trying to live on nothing. I went to the address to apply for the job.

It was a small house in the West End. The name of the woman who owned it conveyed nothing to me. I rang the bell and the door was opened by a youngish woman who looked like a lady's maid, such a one as I had myself a few years ago. When I told her my business, she looked me up and down with a sniff as she took in the wretchedness of my clothing. Then she told me to wait in the hall while she went to see if her mistress could see me.

After a few minutes, a room door opened and a man came out, saying: "All right, darling. I'll meet you in the lounge of the Ritz at quarter past one. Then he crossed the hall. He glanced at me, and stood stock still.

"It isn't, it can't be..."

"Yes it is, Max," I said. "Dolores, herself, in

the flesh. But not so much flesh." Dolores in Her Flowing Dress and Tight Head-dress Which She Always Wore During the Height of Her Fame and Fortune as London's Best Known Artists' Model.

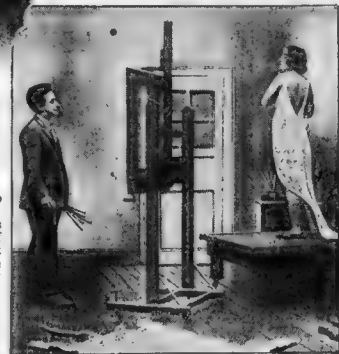
Six years back this man, who is the son of one of the wealthiest industrial magnates in England and is now heir to a title conferred on his father two years ago, had joined that numerous band of men who called themselves, or wished to call themselves, my lovers.

He had followed me like a shadow. He had written, telephoned, called to see me where I lived. He had offered me anything I cared to ask—except marriage, of course. He had threatened to shoot himself if I did not yield to his prayers. He had stormed, wept and begged. But I refused him and all his offers of a luxury flat, of a magnificent limousine, of jewels and frocks at will. Just because he did not appeal to me. It was not my whim to accept him as a lover. His money meant nothing to me, for although I have always wanted the luxuries of life—and never more so than now—I never give my love for money's sake.

I grasped the situation quickly. The woman whose house I was in, and from whom I was looking for work as a domestic servant, or even as a charwoman, was his sweetheart. And there we stood, in the house for which he was paying, staring at each other. "Why are you here?" he asked. I told him why. I told him, too, how it was the alternative to starving. And then, as he heard a feminine voice from a room, he fumbled hurriedly in his pocket and crushed a 5-pound note (about \$16) in my hand and rushed out to the street.

In a few minutes the maid came back and said her mistress would see me. But I hardly heard her. I was standing looking at that bill in my hand, and then I turned to the street door and passed out without a word. That is only one instance of how my name, instead of helping me, has hampered me in trying to find some kind of livelihood.

Dolores! Feted, but fated. Spoiled protegee of Sarah Bernhardt; admired of the ex-Kaiser of Germany; dandied as a child on the knee of King Edward; dancer whose name on the bills of theatres all the world over drew crowds that overflowed the capacity of the biggest auditoriums; model of Epstein, the most discussed sculptor in the world; of Nevinson, and of many others who have achieved fame through me; Dolores the leader of Bohemia, the toasted and the sought-after. Dolores, the name of



Photograph of Mr. John Flanagan, One of the Best Known Artists in London, Making a Study of Dolores as She Stood on the Model's Throne in His Studio a Few Years Ago.



Jacob Epstein, the Eminent Sculptor, Who Helped Make Dolores Famous.

sadness. So it is proving.

In the eyes of English law I am an alien. For although I am British by birth and parentage, I married a foreigner. Now there is a clause in the Aliens Act which says that no foreigner may obtain employment publicly under a pseudonym. He or she must use the full name and the correct name, unless special permission is given by the Home Secretary and a license granted. That license costs about \$75.

So, when I looked for work that I might get as Dolores, using my name as an asset, I found I was prohibited from doing so. I had offers from people running cheap shows who were willing to give me \$6 or so a week if I would appear as Dolores. I could have obtained money by posing for and lending my name for advertising, which I was only too willing to do. But the Home Office forbade it.

When, at last, this dime museum in Tottenham Court Road approached me to sit in the Rector of Stiffkey's barrel, and later, as I am doing now, to pose in a curtailed-off recess, this difficulty of my name cropped up. I wrote to the Home Secretary, but got an official reply saying I must either pay the \$75 for a license or the matter would have to stay as it was.

Then at last, after pleading with the Secretary and pointing out how, if I could not use the name of Dolores, I would starve, I received the only human recognition I have had for some time. I was told that, in the special circumstances, the license would be waived. So I started to live in a tub, and to be stared at for the sum of \$10 a week by every passerby on the sidewalk of Tottenham Court Road.

My health gave way under the exposure and

'Model, in a Dime Museum

Distinguished London

THREE years ago, Dolores, the most famous model of modern times, entertained the readers of the American Weekly with a series of articles on her extraordinary career. She was known as the "fatal woman" of the London studios, because three men had killed themselves for her. She was the inspiration of the leading artists and sculptors of England, and the favorite model of Jacob Epstein, who took her to his home and insisted on having her pose exclusively for him.

But Dolores is no longer welcome in the studios. Her figure now has the contour of maturity and the lines in her face reveal the marks of the life of folly this "most loved woman in London" has followed.

Abandoned by those who once admired her, Dolores shivers with cold in a London attic and peeps in a dime museum for anybody who can pay the price of admission—four cents. For a time she displayed herself in the same barrel which was used by the disreputable and unfrocked Rector of Stiffkey to attract attention and pennies.

"To think that the woman," Dolores says, "who has appeared in theatres in Paris, Vienna and Brussels, who has danced before the Kaiser and been presented by him with a gold powder box, who has lived in every grade of society, should be reduced to exhibiting herself in a barrel in a dime museum. But it is the only way to keep from starvation; the only other alternative is suicide."

Dolores writes today of her humiliation and poverty.



Once Before in My Life I Spent the Night Among the Destitute on a Park Bench on the Thames Embankment. But I Had Rich and Influential Friends Then and Jewels and Fine Clothes. Now the

Only Thing That Saves Me From Sleeping in the Public Parks Is My Humiliating Work in a Dime Museum.

See Dolores, the world-famous model. The inspiration of Epstein. Walk up and see Dolores pose as Eve and the Madonna and the poses which made her famous. Two pence a head only to see the marvelous Dolores.

Among the hubbub and clatter of coins I heard a cultured but drunken voice:

"Where's Dolores? Gimme—ticket—see Dolores. Here—that—keep the change—"

The curtains parted. In walked a strange anomaly in that place, a man in full evening dress. He stood swaying slightly before the raised platform on which I sat ready to pose. And he stared and stared.

In a flash I remembered when he had last stared at me. It was five years ago in a discreet corner of one of London's West End luxury restaurants. Then, across a table with spotless napery, with the perfume of a large bowl of roses between us, he had stared hungrily. He hungered for me, and I knew it. His stare had had the half-madness of the man who has pleaded for a woman to love him, and knows his case is hopeless. For I would not, could not, return his passion.

Now, with the wooden walls of the side-show, the smoke of cheap cigarettes, and the smell of seldom-washed humanity—two or three specimens of which were having their four cents worth in gazing their fill at me—this scion of a well-known family stared at me again.

"And so it really is you," he said, pulling himself out of his drunkenness for a moment. "They told me that you, Dolores, were alone here, sitting in the barrel that that rector fellow had been in. I told them they were liars. I couldn't believe you had come to this. And when I found you had chucked the barrel stunt, I was going away until a fellow said you were inside now. And so—here you are. And here I am, Dolores."

"Yes, here I am," I replied. "What about it, Freddie?"

"What about it?" He lapsed back into his alcoholic mood. He burst out laughing. It was a laugh which startled the two or three people who were there and it echoed out into the side-shows and caused those who were rolling penny pieces for china vases to pause, wondering.

"Can't you see how damn funny it is?" he went on. "D'you remember how I told you I'd do anything in the world for you. I was ready to pawn my soul if you'd accept my love. You turned me down. I suppose I hadn't enough money to satisfy you then. And look now. I've got enough. I can see you for two pence, more or less than I couldn't see then for hundreds of dollars. Ha, ha, ha." He burst out again into laughter that was a blend of drunkenness and friendliness. Then, suddenly, he turned to the others. There was a small artisan and his wife, a scruffy boy of sixteen or so, and two servant girls who were trying hard to suppress giggles.

"Get out of here," cried my ex-lover. "Get out of it. I'll pay your two pence. Go and get your money back. Now clear out."

"You can't do that sort of thing," I said as I rose from my chair where I had been posing with the carnations. "These people here have paid to see me the same as you have. That's why I'm here."

The proprietor came through the curtains and looked round with his eyebrows raised.

"Here you," said Freddie. "Are you the boss of this show? Then clear out the lot. I'll pay for all admissions. I want to be alone with Dolores."

Behind Freddie's back, I shook my head to the proprietor of the show to convey to him that I did not want this man to have his way. And so my employer pointed out that I was there as a matter of business and that anyone who cared to pay had a right to come in.

Freddie stood for a few moments, still staring at me. The look on his face was a dreadful one. It held fiendish triumph. And then he turned on his heel and walked out, only muttering with a devilish chuckle, "Dolores, O my God, Dolores."

Next minute he returned. This time he was sober. But soon I knew I would have preferred him drunk.

"Good evening, Dolores the magnificent," he greeted me. "Now I've paid my two pence and I'll pay some more. I want to see you pose. Come on, do your stuff."

I picked up my carnations and fell into my Madonna pose. "Go on," he said after I had held it for several minutes. "Let's see some more. What about this Eve stunt I hear of?"

I rose and went behind a screen. I took off my frock and arranged a black drapery. Then I came out again and, holding up the apple, stood there, my only costume being a pair of short trunks and a brassiere. Out of the corner of my eye I looked at the man who had once gone on his bended knees to obtain my favors. There was a leer on his face. His lips had curled in a sardonic grin. And then I knew why he had come.

To gloat over me and my position. He whose advances five years ago I had rejected was now deriving a brutal pleasure in seeing me as an exhibit in a side-show.

"Pose!" he rapped out. "Pose, I tell you!" And when I hesitated, he shouted, "Haven't I paid my money to see you pose. Then get on with it. I want my two pence worth."

And so I posed, that he who had paid his money might have his money's worth. He stood there, hat on the back of his head, hands in his overcoat pockets, and he chuckled and kept on chuckling. It was a mad kind of chuckle, such as one hears when a human being is under the stress of an abnormal emotion. I felt that drink or drugs had made him partially insane since that time five years ago. And in some queer kind of way a line of the Scottish poet, Burns, came into my head as I stood like a marble statue, still, with the training of the professional model.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

It dinned through my ears and my brain as one minute, then two, passed. And then some-

thing snapped. I whirled round and flung the apple full in the face of the man who had come to gloat. It struck him in the mouth and he gave a cry of pain. And then he made a dash for me on the platform. I cried out. The curtains opened and in came a big, burly fellow who acted as thrower-out for the show. He saw Freddie try to mount the platform and grab me. He reached out a hand and grabbed Freddie by the scuff of the neck. And in a flash he had my former would-be lover out and on to the street, where Freddie suddenly burst into a fit of hysteria, and in horrible profanity and blasphemy he consigned myself and the show to every kind of horror.

As I sat now, with far too much time to think, I ask myself why I have fallen to my present depths. Is it that I loved too well, and, in so many cases, not wisely? I think and drink. I see that man who, years older than the fourteen which were my age then, held a prominent place in society and fell in love with me. I returned his love, as a child. And then, he stole to shower presents on me. And when they came to arrest him for embezzlement, he committed suicide.

I sit and think of young Atkinson, the boy genius who took his life with the name of "Dolores" on his lips. I think of many others who linked up tragedy with my name. There were those who died for me. But where are those who would live for me, and who, having appeased of the nectar which so many have told me I distilled to fire their veins, would turn now to give me a helping hand?

The actress of the stage, the star who flits through her brief reign in Hollywood, amassing a fortune—her face is her fortune. But why should I, who retain still, if I had but the food, shelter and clothes I need, every attraction I had for men, and for artists, crawl about London an outcast, a detest?

Yet I can answer my own question. It is because men, the world over, divide women into two classes; those whom they marry, whom they put at the head of their homes and by whom they have children—and those for whom they have their ephemeral passions.

The first of these categories of women is she who will never raise a man to the highest transports of joy, who will never succeed in making him forget all else save that he is in her arms, yet who will never plunge him into moods of bitter despair. He does not live with her in the truest, fullest sense of the word. But his existence with her is what man seeks eventually, peace, tranquillity, safety.

The second category? It is I, Dolores. Giving all where I loved. Wafted on the tempestuous wind of passion which blew me "where it listeth," I was not safe to my men. So they discarded me.

They will never come back to me. Their adoration and mad wooings, their showering of gifts, the price of any one of which would keep me in comfort now for months, are relegated to the limbo-land of the past.

That is why, for me, there seems no future.

DOLORES.



Dolores Peeking in a Barrel in a Museum in Tottenham Court Road, London. This Is the Same Barrel the Notorious Drunken Rector of Stiffkey Used a Few Months Ago.

I had to give that up. Then I changed to what I am doing now. To sit behind curtains on a small raised dais, clad in black, with a net veil draping my forehead, and falling into poses as the number of those who paid four cents became sufficient.

"The Madonna," seated with some red carnations held like an infant in my arms; "Eve," a slightly draped figure holding aloft an apple. So on and so on. Each day from midday to 1 o'clock in the morning, without even one moment to get into the fresh air. And then, one day, Epstein came. He had, it seems, heard of my being there. And he came to the proprietor in a towering rage.

"Dolores is not my model," he said. "You advertise her as 'Dolores, Epstein's famous model.' She is not. She has no right to be here. She must not stay here."

"Miss Dolores is earning herself some money," said the proprietor of the dime museum. "It's about the only money she can earn. If you want her to lose the job, why don't you give her enough to live on?"

Epstein made no reply to that question. All he wanted was for me to stop posing there, and from behind my curtains I could hear the voice of the man to whom the best six years of my life had been dedicated. At last, the proprietor said: "Look here, Mr. Epstein. As your objection seems to be that Dolores is billed as your model, I'll put that right." And so, with a paint pot and brush, there and then he put the word "late" before "model." And Epstein departed without a further word, without coming in to see me.

But my cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing only four days ago. It was then that a former would-be lover came to be among those who entered the show place. I was sitting in the small curtained-off space at the back of the show. Outside, beyond the curtains, where the games of chance and target practice were going on among the walls tinselled with silver paper taken from cigarette packets, a raucous voice was shouting:

"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen,

The Tomb of Attila The Hun Found at Last?

"Treasure Diviners" Use Their Strange Instruments on His Legendary Burial Place and Unearth an Immense Hoard of Gold and an Iron Coffin in Which Is a Skeleton That May Be That of "The Scourge of God"



One of the "Rhabdumancers" at Work With His Curious "Geo-Thermal" Apparatus, Which Takes the Place of the Old Hardy Diggers of the Water Diviners

THE story of Attila the Hun, sometimes called "The Scourge of God," has always been a favorite of the romantics, and is now known to the geologists and explorers. Attila, the Hun, was a great conqueror, and he was known to the geologists and explorers. Attila, the Hun, was a great conqueror, and he was known to the geologists and explorers. Attila, the Hun, was a great conqueror, and he was known to the geologists and explorers.



Hun Cap and Mask Due Up Near the Spot Where the Tomb of Attila Is Said to Have Been at Last Located.



Scene Near the Place Where the Iron Coffin and Treasure Were Unearthed.

"The Death of Attila," the Royal Academy Painting by the English Artist, St. George Hare, Illustrating the Legend That the Great Hun Conqueror Was Murdered on His Wedding Night by the Bride He Had Stolen.



A Constantinian Coin Found Near the Supposed Place of Attila's Burial.



"The Capture," by A. Hoffman, a Paris Salon Painting, Illustrating the Habit of the Huns of abducting their brides during their rides.

the very gates of the Holy City, he lay inactive in the midst of his great camp. He made no more raids or forays, declared no new wars. His vast horde of men began to murmur and grow restive. But the conqueror seldom stirred from his tent.

At last certain of his advisers and generals captured and brought to him a German maiden whose beauty was famed in all the country around. Perhaps they did it to save him a new interest in life or perhaps, knowing his weakness for fair women, they nudged him the instrument of a plot to destroy Attila.

Ildece is said to have been the daughter of a minor king. She was carried into his tent one night as his bride with the rough yet gorgeous ceremonies of the time. Next morning the counselors gathered of Ildece's death, but Attila did not appear. They feared to disturb him and went away. It was not until sundown that, frightened by the silence in the tent and the failure of their master to come out, the soldiers compelled the counselors to open the tent doors.

Attila lay in a pool of blood on his bed. His bride crouched beside him, and fright or some shock had so numbered her that she was like a mad-woman. Then followed Attila's secret burial, already referred to.

George Meredith, the great English poet and novelist, was at one time so much impressed with the story of Attila's death that he made an intensive study of it. Then he wrote what is considered his finest poem, "The Nuptials of Attila." Vividly he describes Ildece:

Seen of Attila, desired,
She was led to him straightway;
Rudely she was seized;
Fleeting lands were her array,
Jewels from warring kings,
Gold of woe and fields of towns,
She stood pallid in the light.

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Put Your **BEST FACE** **FORWARD**



***Refresh yourself
and be alert
Snap back to normal***



Here's the most healthful, delightful way in the world to banish a tired, thirsty face. Pause and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. You will snap back to normal and be alert... Because, an ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink — combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, the *pause that refreshes*.

You'll do it better on *DATED* coffee



Coffee has a marvelous stimulating effect. It brings you a Clearer Brain for work, Gaye Spirits for play and a feeling of Tireless Endurance. But Science says...

BEWARE STALE COFFEE!



MEN who strain every nerve with never a wink of sleep for hours on end... keep going on coffee. Coffee eases terrific tension, keeps the brain clear for instant decisions, muscles ready for instant action.

Then why aren't all of us able to use this stimulant to advantage? Without fear of bad effects? Why do some complain of getting headaches, indigestion, insomnia or "nerves" from coffee?

Science discovered the Facts

Scientific research shows that any normal, healthy grown-up can drink as many as five cups a day with no trouble at all, if he makes sure he drinks only *fresh* coffee.

For, by analysis, it's *stale* coffee that disturbs the system. Stale coffee contains rancid oil—nearly half a cupful to a pound.

To banish forever this danger of stale coffee, to make *freshness* certain, Chase & Sanborn instituted *Dated* Coffee.

The date of delivery is clearly printed on every pound. And no grocer is allowed to keep a can of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee on his shelf more than 10 days.

Dated Coffee is the way for everyone to enjoy the delicious rich flavor and the wonderfully healthful exhilaration that only absolutely *fresh* coffee can give.

Order Chase & Sanborn's tomorrow.



Recent scientific findings show that the normal, healthy grown-up can drink 5 cups a day of *FRESH* coffee and enjoy its toning, stimulating effect without the slightest harm.

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The Echo Dragon By Herbert Jensen

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure on the China Sea

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THE CHANG WAS a handsome young man, with a strong, athletic build, and a face that was as bright as the sun. He was a native of the island of Hainan, and had been living there for many years. He was a member of the Chang family, and was the only son of the late Chang Hsueh-shan. He was a very kind and generous person, and was very popular among the people of the island. He was also a very brave and adventurous man, and had many friends who were as brave and adventurous as he was. He was a very good swimmer, and was very strong. He was a very good fighter, and was very brave. He was a very good leader, and was very kind. He was a very good friend, and was very generous. He was a very good man, and was very brave. He was a very good leader, and was very kind. He was a very good friend, and was very generous. He was a very good man, and was very brave.



Marsha Stared at Grannis with Distended Eyes. "You braver!" she whispered. "You despatch!"

CHAPTER III.

Grannis intruded. "I've had enough of you!" he said. "You'll return to your room and change your slippers," came a loud voice in English from the main doorway. Grannis relaxed and turned. Jernigan stared up at him from the floor. Marsha saw a tall Chinese standing in the doorway. His face was thin, almost emaciated, but his eyes were calm. A long black robe, fastened with a clasp, was draped over his shoulders. He was a very old man, and his hair was white. He was a very kind and generous person, and was very popular among the people of the island. He was also a very brave and adventurous man, and had many friends who were as brave and adventurous as he was. He was a very good swimmer, and was very strong. He was a very good fighter, and was very brave. He was a very good leader, and was very kind. He was a very good friend, and was very generous. He was a very good man, and was very brave.

Marsha stared at Grannis with distended eyes. "You braver!" she whispered. "You despatch!" she said. "You'll return to your room and change your slippers," came a loud voice in English from the main doorway. Grannis relaxed and turned. Jernigan stared up at him from the floor. Marsha saw a tall Chinese standing in the doorway. His face was thin, almost emaciated, but his eyes were calm. A long black robe, fastened with a clasp, was draped over his shoulders. He was a very old man, and his hair was white. He was a very kind and generous person, and was very popular among the people of the island. He was also a very brave and adventurous man, and had many friends who were as brave and adventurous as he was. He was a very good swimmer, and was very strong. He was a very good fighter, and was very brave. He was a very good leader, and was very kind. He was a very good friend, and was very generous. He was a very good man, and was very brave.

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CHAPTER IV.

Jernigan Comes To. The island of Po Tao was less than a hundred miles southeast of Shanghai, in the triangular bay of Hangchow. One of the most detailed maps of the world showed it as a small, isolated island. It was a very kind and generous person, and was very popular among the people of the island. He was also a very brave and adventurous man, and had many friends who were as brave and adventurous as he was. He was a very good swimmer, and was very strong. He was a very good fighter, and was very brave. He was a very good leader, and was very kind. He was a very good friend, and was very generous. He was a very good man, and was very brave.

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Olive oil keeps youth in your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

EVEN before beauty care became a science, the oils of olive and palm were used as the finest means of cleansing and protecting lovely skin. Their balmy, soothing effect on the skin was unequalled.

With modern science, came a soap blended of these same oils—Palmolive. Made from these natural oils, it offers you the surest protection lovely skin can find. Palmolive cleanses safely, thoroughly, gently.

Palmolive lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Get three cakes today. Begin the beauty treatment recommended by 20,000 beauty experts. Prove to yourself that Palmolive Soap, blended of olive and palm oils, will keep your skin soft, smooth, youthful.

Do this, morning and evening:
Work a creamy lather of Palmolive soap and warm water over the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse with warm water. Then with cold water. The effect upon your skin of this gentle daily care.

PALMOLIVE

The vial at the right shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake

HALF-CLEAN HANDS made him shy with



GIRLS

"Because of the work I do," writes E. J. O., "my hands, fingernails and knuckles can't help getting dirty. It used to make me shy when I went out at night. Now I get in the habit of staying home nights."

LAVA SOAP cleans hands in a jiffy

"Then one day the man next to me told me about Lava Soap—said it got ground in dirt in less than a minute—even around knuckles and fingernails. It sounded too good to be true. But was he right? Lava sure gets ground in grime fast. I've got a steady girl now and I'm having much more fun than ever before."

You're not the only one, D. J. O. Men everywhere are finding that Lava gets all the dirt in less than a minute. Made especially for extra-dirty hands, it saves you money because it retails direct to you for 35¢.

FREE—a full-sized cake of Lava, Address Doctor & Camille, Dept. T-11, Box 1807, Cincinnati, Ohio. Give full name and address.

LAVA SOAP

Take the Dirt—Protects the Skin

Betty Campbell Says New Discovery Gets Elaborate Beauty Treatment

New Beauty Discovery
FREE
Gift you Send Quick

**End Wrinkles, Lines
Look 10 Years Younger
New Beauty Overnight**

The New Skin Cream...
FREE
Sem-Pray

**DEPILATORY CREAM
IT'S PERFUMED!**

ZIP
PERMANENT
For face or body. Said
"everywhere. Absolutely gets
the excess. Call it the
Savior for Acne and for
to have a P.P.P. Prescription."

**Now My Skin Is
Clear Again**

writes one woman, "I suffered from pimples and blackheads for one year, all the time hating to go to parties or dances. My skin looked so bad. I tried various treatments without success, but the first time I used Resinol Soap and Ointment, I noticed an improvement. Now all my pimples are gone."

Resinol
Stop Itching

Surprising and gratifying is the way soothing, cooling Zemo relieves itching Rash and Eczema in just about five seconds. Such wonderful results are praised by millions—and this is because Zemo contains rare ingredients not found in other remedies.

Wonderful, also, for clearing up Pimples, Blackheads and other skin and scalp irritations—Zemo is worth the price because you get 30¢ of Zemo, 50¢ of Zemo, 100¢ of Zemo, 200¢ of Zemo, 400¢ of Zemo, 800¢ of Zemo, 1600¢ of Zemo, 3200¢ of Zemo, 6400¢ of Zemo, 12800¢ of Zemo, 25600¢ of Zemo, 51200¢ of Zemo, 102400¢ of Zemo, 204800¢ of Zemo, 409600¢ of Zemo, 819200¢ of Zemo, 1638400¢ of Zemo, 3276800¢ of Zemo, 6553600¢ of Zemo, 13107200¢ of Zemo, 26214400¢ of Zemo, 52428800¢ of Zemo, 104857600¢ of Zemo, 209715200¢ of Zemo, 419430400¢ of Zemo, 838860800¢ of Zemo, 1677721600¢ of Zemo, 3355443200¢ of Zemo, 6710886400¢ of Zemo, 13421772800¢ of Zemo, 26843545600¢ of Zemo, 53687091200¢ of Zemo, 107374182400¢ of Zemo, 214748364800¢ of Zemo, 429496729600¢ of Zemo, 858993459200¢ of Zemo, 1717986918400¢ of Zemo, 3435973836800¢ of Zemo, 6871947673600¢ of Zemo, 13743895347200¢ of Zemo, 27487790694400¢ of Zemo, 54975581388800¢ of Zemo, 109951162777600¢ of Zemo, 219902325555200¢ of Zemo, 439804651110400¢ 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"Now I know Essolene

guarantees
**smoother
performance"**



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Essolene, Esso, and Essolube—the 5-Star Motor Oil, are sold at Colonial Esso Stations and Dealers owned, operated or supplied by the Colonial Beacon Oil Company, Incorporated.

IT WAS NOT A COINCIDENCE or an accident that the frantic claims which are appearing in current gasoline advertising were published all at the same time. There HAS been a recent improvement in gasoline. Many of the gasolines sold by well-known companies have been stepped up in anti-knock quality. Some are advertised as containing lubricating oil. These new improvements are the source of all the challenges and counter-challenges, claims and counter-claims and the wild statements that are now being dinned into your ears. This company has, of course, made the utmost use of these new means of giving you more fuel value for your money. But because of this we are not going to try to make you think that when you

spend a few pennies for a gallon of gasoline you now get the services of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp and skim over the world with no effort or cost. But we will point out one thing. Everything said about Essolene bears the *guarantee* of the Colonial Beacon Oil Company, Inc.

FIRST • Essolene is compounded with a special lubricating solvent which is not intended to act as a motor lubricant but to clean, keep clean, smooth, and in proper working condition, valve stems, piston rings and piston ring grooves. Essolene contains no ordinary lubricating oil.

This Statement is Guaranteed

SECOND • Essolene's anti-knock value is unsurpassed by any regular priced gasoline.

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THIRD • In Essolene the gaseous fractions have been removed to such an extent that it is non-gas-locking.

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• These statements were released only after the most thorough tests of Essolene and competitive products in the world's largest Petroleum Research Laboratories. These are the guaranteed facts about Essolene. Read them carefully. Essolene, sponsored by the Colonial Beacon Oil Company, Incorporated, is sold through Colonial Esso Stations and Dealers, and is colored orange to prevent substitution.